HYMNS & SONGS FOR MISSION SERVICES

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ENLARGED EDITION



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HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR

Mission Services and Conventions

WITH TUNES.

ENLARGED EDITION.

LONDON:

CHARLES H. KELLY, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.,
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PREFACE TO THE HYMN BOOK.

This little Hymn-book has been compiled for use in Mission, Revival, and Convention Services; and for Christana Workers.

Of the 317 hymns comprised in the collection, about one-half have been taken from the well-known hymnology of the Wesleys. The remainder have been selected from a wide area, and include many popular and useful revival pieces, old and new, English and American.

It has been the one endeavour of the compilers to furnish for the workers of Methodism a suitable hymnal companion in evangelistic effort of all descriptions, whether in-door or out-of-door—in Chapel, Mission-room, cottage, street, or field

Grateful acknowledgment is here made of the kindness with which the writers or owners of copyright hymns have generously placed them at the disposal of the compilers.

Thanks are especially due to the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D., for permission to use his hymns; to the Rev. W. B. Booth, for hymns from the Salvation Army Songs; Mr. J. Barnham, for 191, from Song Evangel; Miss Kate Hankey, for 256; Miss M. V. G. Havergal, for her sister's hymns, Nos. 110, 203, 250, 270; Richard Massie, Esq., for 37; Mr. A. Midlane, for 36 and 268; Mrs. Monsell, for 252; Messrs. Morgan and Scott, for many hymns from Sacred Songs and Solos: Rev. J. Mountain, for 231, from Hymns of Consecration and Faith; Messrs. James Nisbet & Co., for 107; Miss E. H. Willis, for her hymn, "I left it all with Jesus"; Mr. J. G. Small, for "I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend!" the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, for hymns by Miss Elliott; to the Rev. T. Champness and Mr. Lancelot Middleton, for their valuable assistance in the preparation of the book; and also to Mr. W. T. Brooke, 26, Camberwell New Road, London, S.E., for information respecting authorship and copyrights.

PREFACE TO THE TUNE BOOK.

In selecting the Tunes for this book due regard has been had to the character of the work, so that each hymn or song might have assigned to it the tune best adapted to express and enforce its own peculiar tone and teaching. And it is believed that the collection comprehends, as far as its limits would allow, the tunes which have proved themselves of such signal service in the great popular religious movements of modern times.

The present edition has been edited by Mr. Alfred Rhodes, R.A.M., whose long experience and high professional attainments have well qualified him for the work. He is not responsible, however, "either for the collection of tunes, adaptation of words, or progression of harmonies when the tunes or arrangements of them are copyright." In preparing the work he has been instructed that, as the Tune Book prepared for our Congregations is now in general use throughout our entire Connexion, wherever any of the tunes selected for this work are to be found in the Congregational Tune Book, the arrangement of the latter shall

be retained. And the thanks of the Committee are due to him for the fidelity and care with which his instructions have been carried out. Their thanks are also due to the Rev. Marshall Hartley, whose services, in preparing copy for the press and in carrying on the necessary correspondence, have been of the greatest value.

Thanks are especially due to Messrs. Morgan and Scott, for consenting to an arrangement by which a number of Hymns and Tunes from "Sacred Songs and Solos" have been made available for this Collection.

The Committee are under great obligations to Mr. Lancelot Middleton, the Editor of the former edition, for his kind co-operation in the preparation of this volume; to the proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," for permission to use "Angelus"; to Mr. John Dobson, of Richmond, for "Deliverance" from "Tunes New and Old"; to Miss M. V. G. Havergal, for "Urbane" and "Hermas"; to the Rev. J. Mountain, for Tunes 239 and 250; to Mr. J. W. David, for "Illyria" and Marienlyst"; and to Mr. J. Burnham, for No. 191. Also, to the Rev. Dr. Bullinger, of Walthamstow; Messrs. C. H. Perrot, of Rotherham, T. Wallhead, of Brimington, and other gentlemen, who have generously offered their Tunes to the Committee; and to Mr. S. P. Mvers for his valuable suggestions.

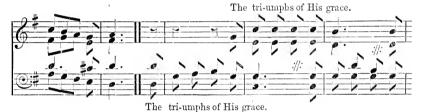
Should the compilers have unintentionally omitted to obtain permission for the use of tunes, where it should have been sought, they beg to apologize for the inadvertency.

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- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise, The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,

 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honours of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
 He sets the prisoner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood availed for me.



1 Salvation! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Doxology.

Glory, honour, praise, and power, Be unto the Lamb for ever: Jesus Christ is our Redeemer: Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound!
 Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.
- 3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb, To Thee the praise belongs; Salvation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues. Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

bollingsworth (or 69, 263). 4—6's & 2—8's.



1 Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

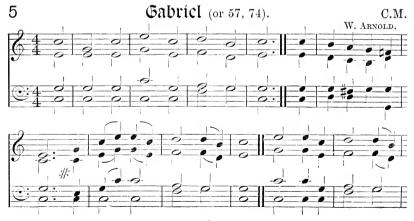
3 His name the sinner hears, And is from sin set free; 'Tis music in his ears, 'Tis life and victory: New songs do now his lips employ, and dances his glad heart for joy.

4 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, He died for me.

5 O for a trumpet voice, On all the world to call! To bid their hearts rejoice In Him who died for all; For all my Lord was crucified, For all, for all my Saviour died!



- 1 God, the offended God most high, Ambassadors to rebels sends; His messengers His place supply, And Jesus begs us to be friends.
- 2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray, Us, in the stead of God, intreat, To cast our arms, our sins, away, And find forgiveness at His feet.
- 3 Our God in Christ! Thine embassy,
 And proffered mercy, we embrace;
 And gladly reconciled to Thee,
 Thy condescending goodness praise.
- 4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request A full acquittance we receive; And criminals, with pardon blest, We, at our Judge's instance, live!



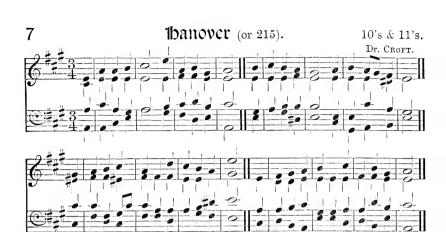


- 1 JESUS! the name high over all, In hell, or earth, or sky, Angels and men before it fall, And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear, The name to sinners given; It scatters all their guilty fear, It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks, And bruises Satan's head;

- Power-into strengthless souls it speaks, And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see The riches of His grace! The arms of love that compass me Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 Happy, if with my latest breath
 1 may but gasp His name;
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
 "Behold, behold the Lamb!"

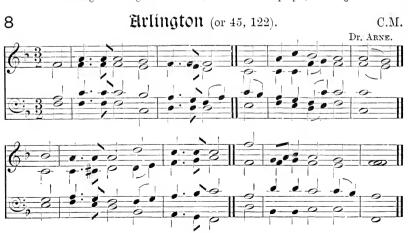


- 1 Father, whose everlasting love
 Thy only Son for sinners gave,
 Whose grace to all did freely move
 And sent Him down the world to save;
- 2 Help us Thy mercy to extol, Immense, unfathomed, unconfined; To praise the Lamb who died for all, The general Saviour of mankind.
- 3 The world He suffered to redeem;
 For all He hath the atonement made;
 For those that will not come to Him
 The ransom of His life was paid.
- 4 Arise, O God, maintain Thy cause! The fulness of the Gentiles call; Lift up the standard of Thy cross, And all shall own Thou diedst for all.



- 1 YE neighbours, and friends
 Of Jesus, draw near;
 His love condescends
 By titles so dear
 To call and invite you
 His triumph to prove,
 And freely delight you
 In Jesus's love.
- 2 The Shepherd who died
 His sheep to redeem,
 On every side
 Are gathered to Him
 The weary and burdened,
 The reprobate race;
 And wait to be pardoned
 Through Jesus's grace.

- 3 To us and to them
 Is published the word:
 Then let us proclaim
 Our life giving Lord,
 Who now is reviving
 His work in our days,
 And mightily striving
 To save us by grace.
- 4 O Jesus! ride on
 Till all are subdued,
 Thy mercy make known,
 And sprinkle Thy blood;
 Display Thy salvation,
 And teach the new song
 To every nation,
 And people, and tongue.



- 1 JESUS, Thou all-redeeming Lord, Thy blessing we implore, Open the door to preach Thy word, The great effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save From sin and Satan's power; And let them now acceptance have, And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Thy feet were nailed to yonder tree, To trample down their sin;

- Thy hands stretched out they all may see, To take Thy murderers in.
- 4 Thy side an open fountain is,
 Where all may freely go,
 And drink the living streams of bliss,
 And wash them white as snow.
- 5 Ready Thou art the blood to apply, And prove the record true; And all Thy wounds to sinners cry, "I suffered this for you!"



- 1 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
 Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
 What means that strange expiring cry?
 (Sinners, He prays for you and me)
 "Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
 They know not that by Me they live!"
- 2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb, Thee—by Thy painful agony, Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame, Thy cross and passion on the tree, Thy precious death and life—I pray, Take all, take all my sins away!
- 3 O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
 And bathe and wash them with my tears!
 The story of Thy love repeat
 In every drooping sinner's ears,
 That all may hear the quickening sound,
 Since I, even I, have mercy found.
- 4 O let Thy love my heart constrain!
 Thy love for every sinner free,
 That every fallen soul of man
 May taste the grace that found out me;
 That all mankind with me may prove
 Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

7's & 6's.





1 God of my salvation, hear.
And help me to believe!
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of sin, alas! I am,
But to Thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain, To Thee I lift mine eye! Balm of all my grief and pain, Thy grace is always nigh: Now, as yesterday, the same Thou art, and wilt for ever be; Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Saviour, from Thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide
When I am pure in heart:
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.





- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind Nailed to the shameful tree! How vast the love that Him inclined To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend; The temple's veil in sunder breaks, The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid! "Receive my soul," He cries! See where He bows His sacred head! He bows His head, and dies!
- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain, And in full glory shine:
 - O Lamb of God, was ever pain, Was ever love, like Thine?



- 1 O Love Divine! what hast Thou done!
 The immortal God hath died for me!
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree;
 The immortal God for me hath died!
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.
- 2 Behold Him, all ye that pass by, The bleeding Prince of life and peace! Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die, And say, was ever grief like His? Come, feel with me His blood applied: My Lord, my Love is crucified.
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God:
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood,
 Pardon for all flows from His side;
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath His cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream,
 All things for Him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to Him;
 Of nothing think or speak beside,
 "My Lord, my Love is crucified."



- 1 Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress; Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Fully absolved through these I am, From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb, Who from the Father's bosom came, Who died for me, even me, to atone, Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
 Which at the mercy seat of God
 For ever doth for sinners plead,
 For me, even for my soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more Than sands upon the ocean shore, Thou hast for all a ransom paid, For all a full atonement made.



- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem To crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from His altar call; Of Jesse's stem extol the Rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every tribe and every tongue Before Him prostrate fall, And shout in universal song The crowned Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall, Join in the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all!



1 All ye that pass by, To Jesus draw nigh:

To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is:

Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 For what you have done
His blood must atone: [Son.
The Father hath punished for you His dear
The Lord, in the day

Of His anger, did lay [away. Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them 3 For you and for me He prayed on the tree:

The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.

That sinner am I, Who on Jesus rely,

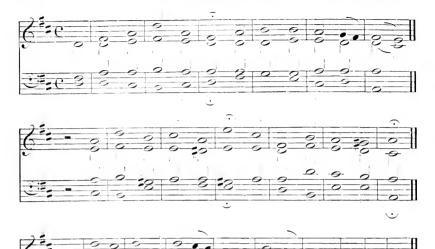
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

4 My pardon I claim; For a sinner I am,

A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

He purchased the grace Which now I embrace:

O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my



- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow.

 The gladly solemn sound.

 Let all the nations know.

 To earth's remotest bound;

 The year of Jubilee is come!

 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High-priest.
 Hath full atonement made:
 Ye weary spirits, rest.
 Ye mournful souls, be glad:
 The year of Jubilee is come!
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive.
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live:
 The year of Jubilee is come!
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace.
 And, saved from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face:
 The year of Jubilee is come!
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.



1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,

But all their joys are one.

Hallelujah to the Lamb who died on Mount Calvary! Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,

"To be exalted thus!"

"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply:
"For He was slain for us."—Hallelujah, &c.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive

Honour and power divine;

And blessings, more than we can give.

Be. Lord, for ever Thine !- Hallelujah, &c.

The whole creation join in one

To bless the sacred name

Of Him that sits up on the throne,

And to adore the Lamb .- Hallelu'ah, Ac.



- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood
 From Thy wounded side which flowed
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears for ever flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not atone;

- Thou must save and Thou alone; In my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.





- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
 I do believe, I will believe,
 That Jesus died for me;
 That on the cross He shed His blood,
 From sin to set me free.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away. I do believe, &c.
- 3 O dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power,

- Till all the ransomed Church of God, Be saved to sin no more. I do believe, &c.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die. I do believe, &c.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.
 I do believe, &c.



- 1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast, Let every soul be Jesu's guest; Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call, The invitation is to all; Come all the world; come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are ready now
- 3 My message as from God receive, Ye all may come to Christ, and live;

- O let His love your hearts constrain, Nor suffer Him to die in vain!
- 4 See Him set forth before your eyes, That precious, bleeding sacrifice! His offered benefits embrace, And freely now be saved by grace.
- 5 This is the time; no more delay! This is the acceptable day: Come in, this moment, at His call, And live for Him who died for all.





- 1 O ALL that pass by, To Jesus draw near, He utters a cry, Ye sinners, give ear! From hell to retrieve you He spreads out His hands; Now, now to receive you He graciously stands.
- 2 If any man thirst, And happy would be, The vilest and worst May come unto Me, May drink of My Spirit, Excepted is none, Lay claim to My merit, And take for his own.
- 3 Whoever receives The life-giving word, In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord, In him a pure river Of life shall arise, Shall in the believer Spring up to the skies.
- 4 My God and my Lord! Thy call I obey, My soul on Thy word Of promise I stay, Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace, Athirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.





- 1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh! ('Tis God invites the fallen race) Mercy and free salvation buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come! Sinners, obey your Maker's call; Return, ye weary wanderers, home, And find My grace is free for all.
- 3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
 For you in healing streams it roils;
- Money ye need not bring, nor price, Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give, Leave all you have and are behind, Frankly the gift of God receive, Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 Your willing ear and heart incline, My words believingly receive; Quickened your souls by faith divine, An everlasting life shall live.



- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why? God, who did your being give, Made you with Himself to live;
- 2 He the fatal cause demands, Asks the work of His own hands, Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross His love, and die?
- 3 Sinners. turn, why will ye die? God, your Saviour, asks you why? God who did your souls retrieve. Died Himself, that ye might live.
- 4 Will you let Him die in vain? Crucify your Lord again? Why, ye ransomed sinners, why Will ye slight His grace, and die?
- 5 Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, the Spirit, asks you why? He who all your lives hath strove, Wooed you to embrace His love:
- 6 Will you not His grace receive? Will you still refuse to live? Why, ye long-sought simers, why Will you grieve your Gc d and die?



- 1 What could your Redeemer do More than He hath done for you? To procure your peace with God, Could He more than shed His blood?
- 2 After all His waste of love, All His drawings from above, Why will you your Lord deny? Why will you resolve to die?
- 3 Turn, He cries, ye sinners, turn; By His life your God hath sworn,

He would have you turn and live, He would all the world receive.

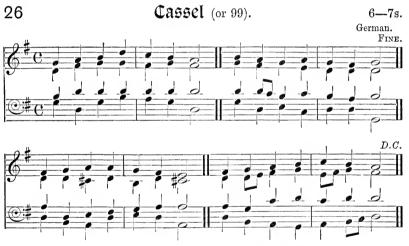
- 4 Can you doubt if God is love?
 If to all His bowels move?
 Will you not His word receive?
 Will you not His OATH believe?
- 5 See! the suffering God appears!
 Jesus weeps! believe His tears!
 Mingled with His blood, they cry,
 "Why will you resolve to die?"





- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word! Haste to the supper of my Lord! Be wise to know your gracious day; All things are ready, come away!
- 2 Ready the Father is to own And kiss His late returning son; Ready your loving Saviour stands, And spreads for you His bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of His love Just now the stony to remove,

- To apply, and witness with the blood, And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate;
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost Is ready, with their shining host: All heaven is ready to resound, "The dead's alive! the lost is found!"



- 1 Weary souls, that wander wide From the central point of bliss, Turn to Jesus crucified, Fly to those dear wounds of His: Sink into the purple flood; Rise into the life of God!
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace, Peace unspeakable, unknown; By His pain He gives you ease, Life by His expiring groan; Rise, exalted by His fall, Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,
 God to you His Son hath given'
 Ye may now be happy too,
 Find on earth the life of heaven,
 Live the life of heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.
- 4 This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for every soul designed,
 God's original promise this,
 God's great gift to all mankind:
 Blest in Christ this moment be!
 Blest to all eternity!



- Jesus calls His wanderers home, Hasten to your pardoning God!
- 2 Come, ye guilty spirits oppressed, Answer to the Saviour's call, "Come, and I will give you rest, Come, and I will save you all."
- 3 Jesus, full of truth and love, We Thy kindest word obey; Faithful let Thy mercies prove, Take our load of guilt away;

- Cast on Thee our every care, To Thine arms of mercy fly, Find our lasting quiet there.
- 5 Burdened with a world of grief, Burdened with our sinful load, Burdened with this unbelief, Burdened with the wrath of God;
- 6 Lo! we come to Thee for ease, True and gracious as Thou art, Now our groaning souls release, Write forgiveness on our heart.



- 1 COME, let us, who in Christ believe, Our common Saviour praise, To Him with joyful voices give The glory of His grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door, Of every sinner's heart; The worst need keep Him out no more, Or force Him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to Thy voice, Yield to be saved from sin; In sure and certain hope rejoice, That Thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, Thou heavenly guest, Nor ever hence remove; But sup with us, and let the feast Be everlasting love.



- 1 Come, O my guilty brethren, come, Groaning beneath your load of sin, His bleeding heart shall make you room, His open side shall take you in; He calls you now, invites you home; Come, O my guilty brethren, come!
- 2 For you the purple current flowed In pardons from His wounded side, Languished for you the Eternal God, For you the Prince of Glory died; Believe, and all your sin's forgiven; Only believe, and yours is heaven!



D.C. for Refrain.

1 Come, sinners, to Jesus; no longer delay; A free, full salvation is offered to-day; Arise, ye dead spirits, awake from your dream! Believe, and the light of His glory shall stream;

REFRAIN. For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain, And give us the victory again and again.

- 2 The world will oppose you, and Satan will rage: To hinder your coming they both will engage; But Jesus, your Saviour, hath conquered for you, And He will assist you to conquer them too.
- 3 Though rough be your passage, and troubles arise, There are mansions of glory prepared in the skies; A crown and a kingdom you shortly may view— The laurels of victory are waiting for you.
- 4 When death's shady valley Christ calls you to tread,
 A halo of glory around you He'll shed;
 His presence shall cheer you as faintly you pray,
 And angels to glory shall bear you away.



- 1 Come to the Saviour, make no delay; Here in His word He has shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing to-day, Tenderly saying, "Come!" Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free; And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our eternal home.
- 2 Come to the Saviour, O hear His voice! Let every heart leap forth and rejoice, And let us freely make Him our choice; Do not delay, but come! Joyful, &c.
- 3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;
 Heed now His blest command, and obey;
 Hear now His accents tenderly say,
 "Will you, my children, come?" Joyful, &c.



- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore: Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity joined with power; He is able, He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome, God's free bounty glorify; True belief, and true repentance, Every grace that brings us nigh, Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him:
 This He gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended, Pleads the merit of His blood: Venture on Him, venture wholly, Let no other trust intrude; None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.



- 1 What means this eager, anxious throug, Which moves with busy haste along, These wondrous gatherings day by day, What means this strange commotion, pray? In accents hushed the throng reply, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"
- 2 Who is this Jesus? why should He The city move so mightily? A passing stranger, has He skill To charm the multitude at will? Again the stirring tones reply, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
- 3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe, And burdened ones where'er He came Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame; The blind rejoiced to hear the cry, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
- 4 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come! Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home! Ye wanderers from a father's face, Return, accept His proffered grace! Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
- 5 But if you still His call refuse And all His wondrous love abuse, Soon will He sadly from you turn, Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn; "Too late, too late!" will be your cry, "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by!"



- 1 Come home, come home! You are weary at heart,
 For the way has been dark, and so lonely and wild:
 O prodigal child! come home; O come home!
 Come home! come, O come home!—Come, &c.
- 2 Come home, come home! For we watch and we wait; And we stand at the gate, while the shadows are piled: O prodigal child! come home; O come home!—Come, &c.
- 3 Come home, come home! From the sorrow and blame, From the sin and the shame, and the tempter that smiled: O prodigal child! come home; O come home!—Come, &c.
- 4 Come home, come home! There is bread and to spare, And a warm welcome there: then, to friends reconciled, O prodigal child! come home; O come home!—Come, &c.





- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home!
 Thy Father calls for thee;
 No longer now an exile roam
 In guilt and misery.
 Return, return!
- 2 Return, O wanderer to thy home!

 'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
 The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come;"
 O now for refuge flee!
 Return, return!
- 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home!
 'Tis madness to delay;
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day!
 Return, return!



- 1 Revive Thy work, O Lord, Thy mighty arm make bare; Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear.
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord; Exalt Thy glorious name; And by Thy Spirit, Lord, our love For Thee and Thine inflame.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord; Give power unto Thy word; Grant that Thy blessèd gospel may In living faith be heard.
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord, Give Pentecostal showers; The glory shall be all Thine own, The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



- 1 O now blest the hour, Lord Jesus, When we can to Thee draw near, Promises so sweet and precious From Thy gracious lips to hear!
- 2 Be with us this day to bless us, That we may not hear in vain, With the saving truths impress us, Which the words of life contain.
- 3 See us, eager for salvation Sit, great Master, at Thy feet, And with breathless expectation Hang upon Thine accents sweet.
- 4 Lord, endure Thy word from heaven With such light, and love, and power, That in us its silent leaven May work on from hour to hour.
- 5 Give us grace to bear our witness To the truths we have embraced, And let others both their sweetness And their quickening virtue taste.





1 A FEW more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest, Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day; O wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins away!

2 A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time; And we shall be where suns are not, A far serener clime.

Then, O my Lord, &c.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, &c.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sms away!



- Thine own immortal strength put on!
 With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
 And east Thy foes with fury down!
- 2 As in the ancient days appear! The sacred annals speak Thy fame: Be now omnipotently near, To endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,
 It wants not now the power to save;
 Still present with Thy people, Thou
 Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.
- 4 B: death and hell pursued in vain, To Thee the ransomed seed shall come, Shouting their heavenly Zion gain, And pass through death triumphant home,



- 1 AUTHOR of faith, we seek Thy face For all who feel Thy work begun; Confirm and strengthen them in grace, And bring Thy feeblest children on.
- 2 Thou see'st their wants, Thou know'st their names, Be mindful of Thy youngest care; Be tender of Thy new-born lambs, And gently in Thy bosom bear.
- 3 The lion roaring for his prey,
 And ravening wolves on every side,
 Watch over them to tear and slay,
 If found one moment from their guide.
- 4 In safety lead Thy little flock, From hell, the world, and sin secure; And set their feet upon the rock, And make in Thee their goings sure.



- 1 Come, Thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some celestial measure, Sung by ransomed hosts above; O the vast, the boundless treasure Of my Lord's unchanging love!
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer; Hither by Thine help I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.

- Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Take my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from Thy courts above!



- LORD, we believe to us and ours
 The apostolic promise given;
 We wait the Pentecostal powers,
 The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
- 2 Ah! leave us not to mourn below, Or long for Thy return to pine; Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow, And fix in us the Guest divine.
- 3 Assembled here with one accord Calmly we wait the promised grace, The purchase of our dying Lord: Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.
- 4 If every one that asks may find. If still Thou dost on sinners call, Come as a mighty rushing wind: Great grace be now upon us all.



- 1 JESUS, seek Thy wandering sheep, Bring me back, and lead, and keep; Take on Thee my every care, Bear me, on Thy bosom bear:
- 2 Let me know my Shepherd's voice, More and more in Thee rejoice, More and more of Thee receive, Ever in Thy Spirit live:
- 3 Live, till all Thy life I know, Perfect through my Lord below, Gladly then from earth remove, Gathered to the fold above.
- 4 O that I at last may stand
 With the sheep at Thy right hand,
 Take the crown so freely given,
 Enter in by Thee to heaven!

(32)



Sarab (or 50, 103.)

S.M.



- 1 Thou Judge of quick and dead, Before whose bar severe, With holy joy, or guilty dread, We all shall soon appear;
- 2 Our cautioned souls prepare For that tremendous day,And fill us now with watchful care,And stir us up to pray.
- 3 O may we thus be found Obedient to His word, Attentive to the trumpet's sound, And looking for our Lord!
- 4 O may we thus ensure A lot among the blest; And watch a moment to secure An everlasting rest!



- 1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes Our inmost thoughts perceive, Accept the evening sacrifice, Which now to Thee we give.
- 2 We bow before Thy gracious throne, And think ourselves sincere; But show us, Lord, is every one Thy real worshipper?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows Thee not, Nor feels his want of Thee?

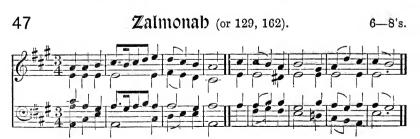
- A stranger to the blood which bought His pardon on the tree?
- 4 Convince Him now of unbelief, His desperate state explain; And fill his heart with sacred grief, And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead, And bid the sleeper rise! And bid his guilty conscience dread The death that never dies.

33

C



- 1 Thou great mysterious God unknown, Whose love hath gently led me on, Even from my infant days, My inmost soul expose to view, And tell me, if I ever knew Thy justifying grace.
- 2 If I have only known Thy fear, And followed with a heart sincere, Thy drawings from above, Now, now the further grace bestow, And let my sprinkled conscience know Thy sweet forgiving love.
- 3 Short of Thy love I would not stop, A stranger to the gospel hope, The sense of sin forgiven; I would not, Lord, my soul deceive, Without the inward witness live, That antopast of heaven.
- 4 Whate'er obstructs Thy pardoning love, Or sin, or righteousness, remove,
 Thy glory to display;
 Mine heart of unbelief convince,
 And now absolve me from my sins,
 And take them all away.





- 1 O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer,
 What tongue can tell the almighty grace?
 God's hands or bound or open are,
 As Moses or Elijah prays;
 Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
 And God cries out, "Let Me alone!
- 2 "Let Me alone, that all My wrath May rise the wicked to consume! While justice hears thy praying faith,

It cannot seal the sinner's doom; My Son is in My servant's prayer, And Jesus forces me to spare."

3 Father, regard Thy pleading Son!
Accept His all-availing prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honour of our Spokesman there;
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks Thy rebels up to heaven.



- 1 Gracious Redeemer, shake This slumber from my soul! Say to me now, "Awake, awake! And Christ shall make thee whole."
- 2 Lay to Thy mighty hand! Alarm me in this hour, And make me fully understand The thunder of Thy power.
- 3 Give me on Thee to call, Always to watch and pray, Lest I into temptation fall, And cast my shield away;

- 4 For each assault prepared And ready may I be,
- For ever standing on my guard, And looking up to Thee.
- 5 O do Thou always warn My soul of evil near!
- When to the right or left I turn, Thy voice still let me hear;
- 6 "Come back! this is the way, Come back, and walk herein!"
- O may I hearken and obey, And shun the paths of sin!



- 1 QUICK as the apple of an eye, O God, my conscience make! Awake, my soul, when sin is nigh, And keep it still awake.
- 2 If to the right or left I stray, That moment, Lord, reprove;
- And let me weep my life away, For having grieved Thy love:
- 3 O may the least omission pain My well instructed soul, And drive me to the blood again Which makes the wounded whole!



- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have, A God to glorify,
- A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky;
- 2 To serve the present age, My calling to fufil:
- O may it all my powers engage To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray, And on Thyself rely, Assured, if I my trust betray, I shall for ever die.





- 1 JESU, the word of mercy give, And let it swiftly run; And let the priests themselves believe, And put salvation on.
- 2 Clothed with the spirit of holiness, May all Thy people prove The plenitude of gospel grace, The joy of perfect love.
- 3 Jesus, let all Thy lovers shine Illustrious as the sun; And, bright with borrowed rays divine, Their glorious circuit run;
- 4 As the bright Sun of righteousness Their healing wings display; And let their lustre still increase Unto the perfect day.

52

St. Michael (or 77, 106).

S.M.



- 1 Jesus, the word bestow,
 The true immortal seed;
 Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
 And all our land o'erspread;
- 2 Through earth extended wide Shall mightily prevail, Destroy the works of self and pride, And shake the gates of hell.
- 3 Its energy exert In the believing soul; Diffuse Thy grace through every part, And sanctify the whole;
- 4 Its utmost virtue show
 In pure consummate love,
 And fill with all Thy life below,
 And give us thrones above.



- 1 On all the earth Thy Spirit shower: The earth in righteousness renew; Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower, And to Thy sceptre all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce, Let it opposers all o'errun: And every law of sin reverse, That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let Thy Spirit in every place Its richer energy declare; While lovely tempers, fruits of grace, The kingdom of Thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this, O holy God and true!

 The ancient seers Thou didst inspire;
 To us perform the promise due;
 Descend, and crown us now with fire!





- 1 Lamb of God, who bear'st away
 All the sins of all mankind,
 Bow a nation to Thy sway;
 While we may acceptance find,
 Let us thankfully embrace
 The last offers of Thy grace.
- 2 Thou Thy messengers hast sent, Joyful tidings to proclaim, Willing we should all repent, Know salvation in Thy name, Feel our sins by grace forgiven, Find in Thee the way to heaven.
- 3 Jesus, roll away the stone!
 Good Physician, show Thy art!
 Make Thy healing virtue known,
 Break the unbelieving heart,
 By Thy bloody cross subdue;
 Tell them, "I have died for you!"
- 4 Let Thy dying love constrain
 Those who disregard Thy frown;
 Sink the mountain to a plain;
 Bring the pride of sinners down;
 Soften the obdurate crowd;
 Melt the rebels with Thy blood!



- See, Jesu, Thy disciples see,
 The promised blessing give!
 Met in Thy name we look to Thee,
 Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord, Who in Thy name are joined; We wait, according to Thy word, Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us Thou art assembled here, But O, Thyself reveal! Son of the living God, appear! Let us Thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day, And these dry bones shall live; Speak peace into our hearts, and say, "The Holy Ghost receive!"
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet! Jesus, the crucified, Show us Thy bleeding hands and feet, Thou who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us the record to receive, Speak, and the tokens show; "O be not faithless, but believe In Me who died for you!"



- 1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep, To Thee for help we fly; Thy little flock in safety keep; For O! the wolf is nigh.
- 2 Us into Thy protection take, And gather with Thy arm; Unless the fold we first forsake, The wolf can never harm.
- 3 O do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree;
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in Thee!
- 4 Together let us sweetly live, Together let us die; And each a starry crown receive, And reign above the sky.



- 1 Try us, O God, and search the ground Of every sinful heart: Whate'er of sin in us is found, O bid it all depart!
- 2 When to the right or left we stray, Leave us not comfortless; But guide our feet into the way Of everlasting peace.

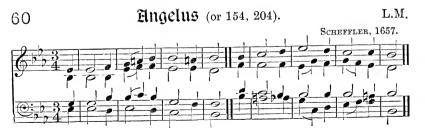
- 8 Help us to help each other, Lord, Each other's cross to bear, Let each his friendly aid afford, And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up, Our little stock improve; Increase our faith, confirm our hope, And perfect us in love.
- Up into Thee, our living Head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought, Receive Thy ready bride: Give us in heaven a happy lot With all the sanctified.



- 1 Come, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,
 Into every longing heart!
 Bought for us by Jesu's merit.
 Now Thy blissful self impart;
 Sign our uncontested pardon.
 Wash us in the atoning blood!
 Make our hearts a watered garden;
 Fill our spotless souls with God.
- 2 Wrestling on in mighty prayer, Lord, we will not let Thee go, Till Thou all Thy mind declare, All Thy grace on us bestow; Peace, the seal of sin forgiven, Joy, and perfect love, impart, Present, everlasting heaven, All Thou hast, and all Thou art!



- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers; Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.
- 3 And shall we then for ever live At this poor dying rate? Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great!
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers; Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.





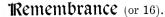
- 1 AF even, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay; O in what divers pains they met! O with what joy they went away!
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we, Oppressed with various ills, draw near: What if Thy form we cannot see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel!

 For some are sick, and some are sad,

- And some have never loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had;
- 4 And some have found the world is vain, Yet from the world they break not free; And some have friends who give them pain, Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
- 5 Thy touch has still its ancient power; No word from Thee can fruitless fall; Hear in this solemn evening hour, And in Thy mercy heal us all.



- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone; He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when like wandering sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs; High as the heavens our voices raise; And earth with her ten thousand tongues Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command; Vast as eternity Thy love; Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.



4-6's & 2-8's.





1 Lord of the worlds above!

How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

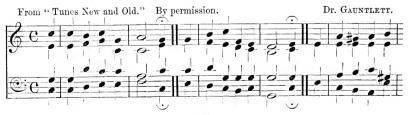
- 2 O happy souls that pray Where God delights to hear!
- Where God delights to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise Thee still, and happy they
 Who love the way to Zion's hill!
- 3 They go from strength to strength Through this dark vale of tears, Till each o'ercomes at length,

Till each in heaven appears: O glorious seat! Thou God, our King, Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

- 4 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence!
 With gifts His hands are filled,
 We draw our blessings thence:
 He shall bestow upon our race
 His saving grace, and glory too.
- 5 The Lord His people loves;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those His heart approves,
 From holy, humble souls:
 Thrice happy he, O Lord of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee!

63

Deliverance.





1 Worship, and thanks, and blessing, And strength ascribe to Jesus! Jesus alone

Defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to

That God is true, And reigns a King for ever.

2 Thine arm hath safely brought us A way no more expected, Than when Thy sheep Passed through the deep, By crystal walls protected. Thy glory was our rear-ward, Thine hand our lives did cover, And we, even we, Have passed the sea,

And marched triumphant over.

The world and Satan's malice

Thou, Jesus, hast confounded;
And, by Thy grace,
With songs of praise
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliv'rance,
We triumph in Thy favour,
And for the love
Which now we prove

Which now we prove, Shall praise Thy name for ever.

64

Matthias (or 48, 66).

S.M.



- 1 Great is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great; He makes His churches His abode,
- He makes His churches His abode His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of His grace, How beautiful they stand! The honours of our native place, And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known A refuge in distress;
- How bright has His salvation shone Through all her palaces!
- 4 In every new distress
 We'll to His house repair;
 We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.



- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His head, His name like sweet perfume shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;

- And infant voices shall proclaim Their young Hosannas to His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains; The weary find eternal rest; And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring Its grateful honours to our King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth prolong the joyful strain.



- 1 Come, sound His praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing! Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all His own, And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at His throne; Come, bow before the Lord: We are His works, and not our own, He formed us by His word.
- 4 To-day attend His voice, Nor dare provoke His rod; Come, as the people of His choice, And own your gracious God.



- 1 Come, all whoe'er have set Your faces Zionward, In Jesus let us meet, And praise our common Lord; In Jesus let us still go on, Till all appear before His throne.
- 2 Nearer, and nearer still, We to our country come, To that celestial hill, The weary pilgrim's home, The New Jerusalem above, The seat of everlasting love.
- 3 The peace and joy of faith
 Each moment may we feel;
 Redeemed from sin and wrath,
 From earth, and death, and hell,
 We to our Father's house repair,
 To meet our Elder Brother there.
- 4 Our Brother, Saviour, Head, Our All in all, is He; And in His steps who tread We soon His face shall see; Shall see Him with our glorious friends, And then in heaven our journey ends.



- 1 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus! Hail, Thou Galilean King! Thou didst suffer to release us; Thou didst free salvation bring.
- 2 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame: By Thy merits we find favour; Life is given through Thy name.
- 3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed, All our sins on Thee were laid; By almighty Love anointed, Thou hast full atonement made.
- 4 All Thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 5 Worship, honour, power, and blessing, Thou art worthy to receive; Loudest praises without ceasing, Meet it is for us to give.
- 6 Help. ye bright, angelic spirits. Bring your sweetest. noblest lays; Help to sing our Saviour's merits, Help to chant Immanuel's praise.



- 1 Young men and maidens, raise
 Your tuneful voices high;
 Old men and children, praise
 The Lord of earth and sky;
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.
- 2 Glory to God belongs,
 Glory to God be given,
 Above the noblest songs
 Of all in earth or heaven!
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.











- 1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending, Once for favoured sinners slain; Thousand thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of His train: Hallelujah! God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him, Robed in dreadful majesty; Those who set at nought and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree, Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of His passion
 Still His dazzling body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To His ransomed worshippers;
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars!
- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thy eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
 Jah. Jehovah,
 Everlasting God, come down!

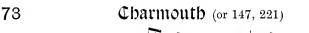


- 1 COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord!
 Thy power to us make known;
 Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
 And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin Our foolishness to mourn; And turn at once from every sin, And to our Saviour turn!
- 3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know, In this our gracious day; Repentance unto life bestow, And take our sins away.
- 4 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
 And then remove the load;
 Trouble, and wash the troubled hear.
 In the atoning blood.

G. KNOWLES.



- 1 Saviour, cast a pitying eye, Bid my sins and sorrows end; Whither should a sinner fly? Art not Thou the sinner's friend? Rest in Thee I gasp to find, Wretched I, and poor, and blind.
- 2 Haste, O haste, to my relief! From the iron furnace take; Rid me of my sin and grief, For Thy love and mercy's sake; Set my heart at liberty, Show forth all Thy power in me.
- 3 Me, the vilest of the race, Most unholy, most unclean; Me the farthest from Thy face, Full of misery and sin; Me with arms of love receive, Me, of sinners chief, forgive!
- 4 Jesus, on Thine only name
 For salvation I depend,
 In Thy gracious hands I am,
 Save me, save me to the end;
 Let the utmost grace le given,
 Save me quite from hell to heaven.







- Let the redeemed give thanks and praise
 To a forgiving God!
 My feeble voice I cannot raise
 Till washed in Jesu's blood.
- 2 Till, at Thy coming from above, My mountain sins depart, And fear gives place to filial love, And peace o'erflows my heart.
- 3 The peace which man can ne'er conceive, The love and joy unknown, Now, Father, to Thy servant give,
 - And claim me for Thine own.
- 4 My God, in Jesus pacified, My God, Thyself declare, And draw me to His open side, And plunge the sinner there.



- 1 O THAT I could my Lord receive, Who did the world redcem, Who gave His life, that I might live A life concealed in Him!
- 2 O that I could the blessing prove, My heart's extreme desire, Live happy in my Saviour's love, And in His arms expire!
- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
 That, kept by mercy's power,
 I may from every evil cease,
 And never grieve Thee more!
- 4 Now if Thy gracious will it be, Even now, my sins remove, And set my soul at liberty By Thy victorious love.
- 5 In answer to ten thousand prayers, Thou pardoning God, descend; Number me with salvation's heirs, My sins and troubles end.
- 6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
 Of all in earth or heaven,
 But let me feel Thy blood applied,
 And live and die forgiven.

53

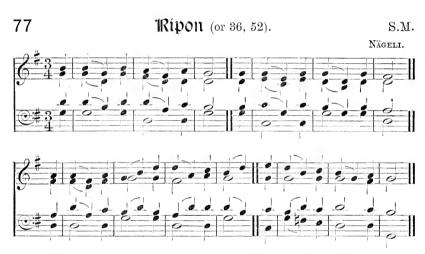


- 1 WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near, And bow myself before Thy face? How in Thy purer eyes appear? What shall I bring to gain Thy grace?
- 2 Guilty I stand before Thy face, On me I feel Thy wrath abide; 'Tis just the sentence should take place; 'Tis just—but O, Thy Son hath died!
- 3 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled, He bore our sins upon the tree; Beneath our curse He bowed His head, 'Tis finished! He hath died for me!
- 4 See where before the throne He stands, And pours the all-prevailing prayer; Points to His side, and lifts His hands, And shows that I am grayen there.
- 5 He ever lives for me to pray; He prays that I with Him may reign: Amen to what my Lord doth say! Jesus, Thou canst not pray in vain.





- LORD, I despair myself to heal:
 I see my sin, but cannot feel;
 I cannot, till Thy Spirit blow,
 And bid the obedient waters flow.
- 2 'Tis Thine a heart of flesh to give, Thy gifts I only can receive; Here then to Thee I all resign; To draw, redeem, and seal, is Thine.
- 3 With simple faith on Thee I call, My light, my life, my Lord, my all: I wait the moving of the pool, I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure, Make my infected nature pure; Peace, righteousness, and joy impart, And pour Thyself into my heart.



- 1 When shall Thy love constrain, And force me to Thy breast? When shall my soul return again To her eternal rest?
- 2 Ah! what avails my strife,My wandering to and fro?Thou hast the words of endless life,Ah! whither should I go?
- 3 My worthless heart to gain, The God of all that breathe

- Was found in fashion as a man, And died a cursèd death.
- 4 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive?
- 5 Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more,
- I sink, by dying love compelled, And own Thee conqueror.



- 1 JESU! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord, The weary sinner's friend, Come to my help, pronounce the word. And bid my troubles end.
- Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
 And life, and liberty;
 Shed forth the virtue of Thy name,
 And Jesus prove to me!
- 3 Faith to be healed Thou know'st I have, For Thou that faith hast given; Thou canst. Thou wilt the sinner save, And make me meet for heaven.
- 4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine, Thou wilt victorious prove, For everlasting strength is Thine, And everlasting love.
- 5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue Unconquerable sin. Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new, And write Thy law within.



- 1 Jesu, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high: Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past! Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find! Raise the fallen, cheer the faint. Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and holy is Thy name, I am all unrighteousness; False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within: Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of Thee, Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.











- 1 O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me!
- 2 God only knows the love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine:
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part!
- 3 O that with humbled Peter I
 Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
 My faithfulness to prove,
 "Thou know'st (for all to Thee is known),
 Thou know'st. O Lord, and Thou alone.

Thou know'st that Thee I love!"

4 O that I could with favoured John Recline my weary head upon The great Redeemer's breast! From care, and sin, and sorrow free, Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee My everlasting rest.



- 1 Why not now, my God, my God! Ready if Thou always art, Make in me Thy mean abode, Take possession of my heart? If Thou canst so greatly bow, Friend of sinners, why not now?
- 2 God of love, in this my day For Thyself to Thee I cry; Dying, if Thou still delay Must I not for ever die? Enter now Thy poorest home, Now, my utmost Saviour, come!



- 1 AH! whither should I go, Burdened, and sick, and faint? To whom should I my troubles show, And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come, Ah! why do I delay? He calls the weary sinner home, And yet from Him I stay!
- 3 What is it keeps me back, From which I cannot part, Which will not let my Saviour take Possession of my heart?
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within,
 Some idol, which I will not own,
 Some secret bosom-sin.
- 5 Jesu, the hindrance show Which I have feared to see; Yet let me now consent to know What keeps me out of Thee:
- 6 Searcher of hearts, in mine Thy trying power display; Into its darkest corners shine, And take the veil away.





- 1 O disclose thy lovely face! Quicken all my drooping powers; Gasps my fainting soul for grace, As a thirsty land for showers; Haste, my Lord, no more delay, Come, my Saviour, come away!
- 2 Well Thou know'st I cannot rest Till I fully rest in Thee, Till I am of Thee possessed,

Till, from ever sin set free, All the life of faith I prove, All the joy and heaven of love.

3 With me O continue, Lord ! Keep me, or from Thee I fly; Strength and comfort from Thy word Imperceptibly supply, Hold me till I apprehend, Make me faithful to the end.

84

Bliss (or 15).

5.5.11.



1 O JESUS, my Hope, For me offered up

[top: Who with clamour pursued Thee to Calvary's The blood Thou hast shed,

For me let it plead, [stead. And declare Thou hast died in thy murderer's

2 Neither passion nor pride

[Thy side: Thy cross can abide, But melt in the fountain that streams from Let Thy life-giving blood [to God. Remove all my load,

And purge my foul conscience, and bring me

3 Now, now, let me know

Its virtue below, [snow: Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than Let it hallow my heart,

And throughly convert, [art. And make me, O Lord, in the world, as Thou

4 Each moment applied

My weakness to hide, Thy blood be upon me, and always abide, My advocate prove

With the Father above, Поте. And speak me at last to the throne of Thy



- 1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay, Though I have done Thee such despite, Nor east the sinner quite away, Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart, And still shook off my guilty fears, And vexed, and urged Thee to depart, For many long rebellious years;
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been Of all who e'er Thy grace received, Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;
- 4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare, In honour of my great High Priest, Nor in Thy righteous anger swear To exclude me from Thy people's rest.



1 O my offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on Thy blood,
And done despite to Thee;

2 If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep,
Into Thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep.

- 3 No other right have I
 Than what the world may claim;
 All, all may to their God draw nigh
 Through faith in Jesu's name.
- 4 Thou all the debt hast paid;
 This is my only plea,
 The covenant God in Thee hath made
 With all mankind and me.



- That I shall find my all in Thee,
 The fulness of Thy promise prove,
 The seal of Thine eternal love?
- 2 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt! Thou wilt in no wise cast me out, A helpless soul that comes to Thee, With only sin and misery.
- 3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure; I want, do Thou enrich the poor; Under Thy mighty hand I stoop, O lit the abject sinner up!
- 4 Lord, I am blind, be Thou my sight; Lord, I am weak. be Thou my might; A helper of the helpless be. And let me find my all in Thee!



- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God His wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare? God is love! I know, I feel; Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
- 2 I have long withstood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face, Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls. God is love, &c.
- 3 I have spilt His precious blood, Trampled on the Son of God, Filled with pangs unspeakable, I, who am not yet in hell! God is love, &c.

- 4 Whence to me this waste of love? Ask my Advocate above! See the cause in Jesu's face, Now before the throne of grace. God is love, &c.
- 5 Kindled His relentings are,
 Me He now delights to spare,
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
 Let the lifted thunder drop.
 God is love, &c.
- 6 There for me the Saviour stands, Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands! God is love! I know, I feel: Jesus weeps, and loves me still. God is love, &c.



- 1 O UNEXHAUSTED grace!
 O love unsearchable!
 I am not gone to my own place,
 I am not yet in hell!
- 2 Earth doth not open yet, My soul to swallow up! And, hanging o'er the burning pit, I still am forced to hope.
- 3 What shall I do to keep
 The blessed hope I feel?
 Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
 And serve Thy pleasure still.
- 4 O may I never grieve
 My kind, long-suffering Lord!
 But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
 And answer all His word.
- 5 Lord, if Thou hast bestowed On me this gracious fear, This horror of offending God. O keep it always here!
- 6 And that I never more May from Thy ways depart, Enter with all Thy mercy's power, And dwell within my heart.

E

Rev. OLINTHUS R. BARNICOTT.



- 1 JESU, Shepherd of the sheep,
 Pity my unsettled soul!
 Guide, and nourish me, and keep
 Till Thy love shall make me whole;
 Give me perfect soundness, give,
 Make me steadfastly believe.
- 2 I am never at one stay, Changing every hour I am; But Thou art, as yesterday, Now and evermore the same; Constancy to me impart, Stablish with Thy grace my heart.
- 3 Give me faith to hold me up,
 Walking over life's rough sea,
 Holy, purifying hope
 Still my soul's sure anchor be;
 That I may be always Thine,
 Perfect me in love divine.





- 1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry, Though all my crimes before Thee lie, Behold me not with angry look, But blot their memory from Thy book!
- 2 Create my nature pure within, And form my soul averse from sin; Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart, Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light, Cast out and banished from Thy sight: Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore, And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord, His help and comfort still afford: And let a wretch come near Thy throne, To plead the merits of Thy Son.



- 1 Holy Spirit! pity me, Pierced with grief for grieving Thee; Present, though I mourn apart, Listen to a wailing heart.
- 2 Sins unnumbered I confess, Of exceeding sinfulness, Sins against Thyself alone, Only to Omniscience known.
- 3 Still Thy comforts do not fail, Still Thy healing aids avail; Patient inmate of my breast, Thou art grieved, yet I am blest.
- 4 O be merciful to me,
 Now in bitterness for Thee!
 Father, pardon through Thy Son
 Sins against Thy Spirit done!







- O for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame,
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is that soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed! How sweet their memory still!

- But now I find an aching void, The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 That drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee.



Martyrdom (or 11, 122).

C.M.



- 1 TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone, Who may be saved—shall I— Of all, alas! whom I have known, Through sin for ever die?
- 2 While all my old companions dear, With whom I once did live, Joyful at God's right hand appear, A blessing to receive;

- 3 Shall I—amidst a ghastly band, Dragged to the judgment-seat— Far on the left with horror stand, My fearful doom to meet?
- 4 Ah, no! I still may turn and live, For still His wrath delays:
- He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve, And offers me His grace.
- 5 I will accept His offers now, From every sin depart, Perform my oft-repeated vow, And render Him my heart.



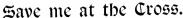
1 Lord, and is Thine anger gone? And art Thou pacified? After all that I have done, Dost Thou no longer chide? Infinite Thy mercies are,

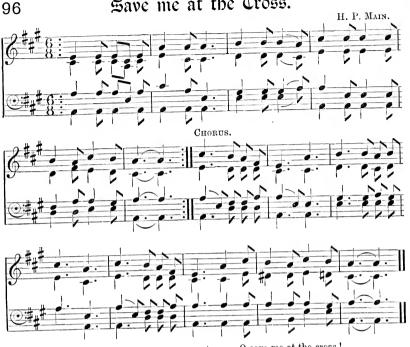
Beneath the weight I cannot move; O! 'tis more than I can bear, The sense of pardoning love.

2 Let it still my heart constrain, And all my passions sway; Keep me, lest I turn again Out of the narrow way; Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 To the cross, Thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From Thee, my Lord, to move;
That I never, never more

May with my much-loved Master part, To the posts of mercy's door O nail my willing heart!





1 Loving Saviour, hear my cry; Trembling to Thine arms I fly; O save me at the cross! I have sinned, but Thou hast died; In Thy mercy let me hide;

O save me at the cross! Lord Jesus, receive me, No more would I grieve Thee; Now, blessèd Redeemer, O save me at the cross!

2 Though I perish, I will pray, Thou of life the Living Way,

O save me at the cross! Thou hast said Thy grace is free, Have compassion, Lord, on me; O save me at the cross! Lord Jesus, &c.

2 Wash me in Thy cleansing blood, Plunge me now beneath the flood; O save me at the cross! Only faith will pardon bring, In that faith to Thee I cling; O save me at the cross ! Lord Jesus, &c.





- 1 AND am I only born to die? And must I suddenly comply With nature's stern decree? What after death for me remains? Celestial joys, or hellish pains, To all eternity?
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live, While God prolongs the kind reprieve, And props the house of clay? My sole concern, my single care, To watch, and tremble, and prepare Against the fatal day.
- 3 Nothing is worth a thought beneath But how I may escape the death That never, never dies; How make mine own election sure, And, when I fail on earth, secure A mansion in the skies.
- 4 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
 Be Thou nny guide, be Thou nny way
 To glorious happiness;
 Ah! write the pardon on my heart,
 And whensoe'er I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace.



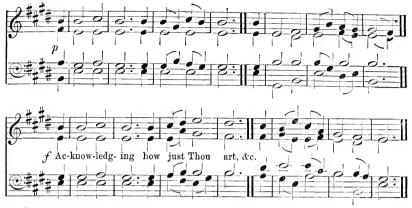
1 O THAT I could repent!
With all my idols part,
And to Thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart;
A heart with grief opprest
For having grieved my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with Thy blood.

The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire;
With softening pity look
And melt my hardness down,
Strike with Thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!



- 1 SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race, See me from Thy lofty throne; Give the sweet, relenting grace Soften this obdurate stone! Stone to flesh, O God, convert; Cast a look, and break my heart!
- 2 By Thy Spirit, Lord, reprove, All my inmost sins reveal, Sins against Thy light and love Let me see and let me feel; Sins that crucified my God, Spilt again Thy precious blood.
- 3 Jesu, seek Thy wandering sheep
 Make me restless to return;
 Bid me look on Thee, and weep,
 Bitterly as Peter mourn,
 Till I say, by grace restored,
 "Now Thou know'st I love Thee, Lord!"
- 4 Might I in Thy sight appear,
 As the publican distrest,
 Stand, not daring to draw near,
 Smite on my unworthy breast,
 Groan the sinner's only plea,
 "God, be merciful to me!"
- 5 O remember me for good, Passing through the mortal vale! Show me the atoning blood, When my strength and spirit fail; Give my gasping soul to see Jesus crucified for me!





- 1 O for that tenderness of heart Which bows before the Lord, Acknowledging how just Thou art, And trembles at Thy word!
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears
 Which from repentance flow,
 That consciousness of guilt which fears
 The long-suspended blow!
- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give
 The sensible distress,
 The pledge Thou wilt at last receive,
 And bid me die in peace;
- 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove, Before the evil come; My spirit hide with saints above, My body in the tomb.



1 O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!

Thou by Thy voice the marble rent, The rock in sunder cleave!

2 Thou, by Thy two-edged sword, My soul and spirit part, Strike with the hammer of Thy word, And break my stubborn heart!

- 3 Saviour, and Prince of peace, The double grace bestow; Unloose the bands of wickedness, And let the captive go:
- 4 Grant me my sins to feel, And then the load remove; Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal, The balm of pardoning love.



- 1 O Thou that wouldst not have One wretched sinner die; Who diedst Thyself, my soul to save From endless misery!
- 2 Show me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
 That when Thou comest on Thy throne,
 I may with joy appear.
- 3 Thou art Thyself the Way!
 Thyself in me reveal;
 So shall I spend my life's short day
 Obedient to Thy will;
- 4 So shall I love my God Because He first loved me, And praise Thee in Thy bright abode, To all eternity.





- 1 Spirit of faith, come down, Reveal the things of God; And make to us the Godhead known And witness with the blood.
- 2 'Tis Thine the blood to apply, And give us eyes to see, Who did for every sinner die, Hath surely died for me.
- 3 Inspire the living faith,
 Which whose er receives,
 The witness in himself He hath,
 And consciously believes;
- 4 The faith that conquers all, And doth the mountain move, And saves whoe'er on Jesus call, And perfects them in love.



- 1 How can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven?
- 2 What we have felt and seen, With confidence we tell; And publish to the sons of men The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe
 That He for us hath died,
 We all His unknown peace receive,
 And feel His blood applied;

- 4 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburdened of her load
 And swells unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.
- 5 Whate'er our pardoning Lord Commands, we gladly do; And guided by His sacred word, We all His steps pursue:
- 6 His glory our design,
 We live our God to please;
 And rise, with filial fear divine,
 To perfect holiness.



- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein Sure my soul's anchor may remain, The wounds of Jesus, for my sin Before the world's foundation slain; Whose mercy shall unshaken stay, When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, Thine everlasting grace, Our scanty thought surpasses far; Thy heart still melts with tenderness, Thy arms of love still open are, Returning sinners to receive, That mercy they may taste and live.

- 3 O Love, Thou bottomless abyss,
 My sins are swallowed up in Thee!
 Covered is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
 While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast;
 Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Fixed on this ground will I remain, Though my heart fail and flesh decay, This anchor shall my soul sustain, When earth's foundations melt away; Mercy's full power I then shall prove, Loved with an everlasting love.



- Who in the Lord confide, And feel His sprinkled blood, In storms and hurricanes abide, Firm as the mount of God.
- Steadfast, and fixed, and sure, His Zion cannot move;
 His faithful people stand secure In Jesu's guardian love.
- 3 But let them still abide In Thee, all gracious Lord, Till every soul is sanctified, And perfectly restored.
- 4 The men of heart sincere
 Continue to defend;
 And do them good, and save them here,
 And love them to the end.





- 1 JESUS, I will trust Thee,
 Trust Thee with my soul;
 Guilty, lost, and helpless,
 Thou canst make me whole.
 There is none in heaven
 Or on earth like Thee;
 Thou hast died for sinners,
 Therefore, Lord, for me.
- 2 Jesus, I may trust Thee, Name of matchless worth, Spoken by the angel At Thy wondrous birth; Written, and for ever, On Thy cross of shame; Sinners, read and worship, Trusting in that name.
- 3 Jesus, I must trust Thee, Pondering Thy ways, Full of love and mercy All Thine earthly days;

- Sinners gathered round Thee, Lepers sought Thy face, None too vile or loathsome For a Saviour's grace.
- 4 Jesus, I can trust Thee,
 Trust Thy written word,
 Though Thy voice of pity
 I have never heard;
 When Thy Spirit teacheth,
 To my taste how sweet!
 Only may I hearken,
 Sitting at Thy feet.
- 5 Jesus, I do trust Thee,
 Trust without a doubt;
 Whosoever cometh
 Thou wilt not cast out.
 Faithful is Thy promise,
 Precious is Thy blood,—
 These my soul's salvation,
 Thou my Saviour God.



- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,

- Fighting and fears, within, without, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve! Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am (Thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down), Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone O Lamb of God, I come!



1 Nor all the blood of beasts On Jewish altars slain Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash away our stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins away;
- A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood, than they.
 - 3 My faith would lay her hand On that meek head of Thine,

While as a penitent I stand, And here confess my sin.

- 4 My soul looks back to see The burden Thou didst bear
- When hanging on the accursed tree And knows her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice, To feel the curse remove;
- We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice And trust His bleeding love.



Urbane.







- 1 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, Trusting only Thee! Trusting Thee for full salvation, Great and free.
- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
 At Thy feet I bow;
 For Thy grace and tender mercy,
 Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
 In the crimson flood;
 Trusting Thee to make me holy
 By Thy blood.
- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
 Thou alone shalt lead,
 Every day and hour supplying
 All my need.
- 5 I am trusting Thee for power, Thine can never fail; Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me Must prevail.
- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
 Never let me fall;
 I am trusting Thee for ever,
 And for all.





- 1 I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleansing blood, To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be For ever closed to all but Thee! Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for ever there!
- 3 How blest are they who still abide Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side,

- Who life and strength from thence derive, And by Thee move, and in Thee live!
- 4 How can it be, Thou heavenly King, That Thou shouldst us to glory bring? Make slaves the partners of Thy throne, Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow, Our words are lost; nor will we know, Nor will we think of aught beside, "My Lord, my Love is crucified."



Hugustine (or 64, 109).

S.M.





- 1 The thing my God doth hate That I no more may do,
- Thy creature, Lord, again create, And all my soul renew.
- 2 My soul shall then, like Thine, Abhor the thing unclean, And, sanctified by love divine,
 - For ever cease from sin.

 3 That blessèd law of Thine,
 Jesus, to me impart;
- The Spirit's law of life divine, O write it in my heart!

- 4 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,
 he law of liberty from sin
- The law of liberty from sin, The perfect law of love.
- 5 Thy nature be my law, Thy spotless sanctity,
- And sweetly every moment draw My happy soul to Thee.
 - 6 Soul of my soul remain! Who didst for all fulfil,
- In me, O Lord, fulfil again
 Thy heavenly Father's will.



- 1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above! Assist me with Thy heavenly grace; Empty my heart of earthly love, And for Thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let Thy sacred presence fill, And set my longing spirit free! Which pants to have no other will, But day and night to feast on Thee,
- 3 Henceforth may no profane delight Divide this consecrated soul; Possess it Thou, who hast the right, As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 4 Nothing on earth do I desire, But Thy pure love within my breast; This, only this, will I require, And freely give up all the rest.



Eignbrook (or 20, 87).

L.M.



- 1 O Jesus, let Thy dying cry Pierce to the bottom of my heart, Its evils cure, its wants supply, And bid my unbelief depart.
- 2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin; Prepare for Thee the holiest place; Then, O essential Love, come in! And fil! Thy house with endless praise,
- 3 Let me, according to Thy word, A tender, contrite heart receive, Which grieves at having grieved its Lord, And never can itself forgive;
- 4 A heart Thy joys and griefs to feel, A heart that cannot faithless prove, A heart where Christ alone may dwell, All praise, all meekness, and all love.



- That mighty faith on me bestow
 Which cannot ask in vain,
 Which holds, and will not let Thee go,
 Till I my suit obtain;
- 2 Till Thou into my soul inspire The perfect love unknown, And tell my infinite desire, "Whate'er Thou wilt, he done,"
- But is it possible that I
 Should live and sin no more?

 Lord, if on Thee I dare rely,
 The faith shall bring the power.
- 4 On me that faith divine bestow
 Which doth the mountain move;
 And all my spotless life shall show
 The omnipotence of love.



- 1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows, I see from far Thy beauteous light, Inly I sigh for Thy repose; My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.
- 2 'Tis mercy all that Thou hast brought My mind to seek her peace in Thee; Yet, while I seek but find Thee not, No peace my wandering soul shall see

No peace my wandering soul shall see; O when shall all my wanderings end, And all my steps to Thee-ward tend? 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun [share? That strives with Thee my heart to Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,

The Lord of every motion there! Then shall my heart from earth be free, When it hath found repose in Thee.

4 O hide this self from me, that I, No more, but Christ in me, may live! My vile affections crucify,

Nor let one darling lust survive! In all things nothing may I see, Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!



- 1 For ever here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side; This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own, Wash me, and mine Thou art, Wash me, but not my feet alone, My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply, Till faith to sight improve, Till hope in full fruition die, And all my soul be love.



- 1 Holy Lamb, who Thee receive, Who in Thee begin to live, Day and night they cry to Thee, As Thou art, so let us be!
- 2 Jesu, see my panting breast! See I pant in Thee to rest! Gladly would I now be clean, Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind!
 To Thy cross my spirit bind;
 Earthly passions far remove,
 Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be, Full of sin and misery, Thine we are, Thou Son of God! Take the purchase of Thy blood!



- 1 JESU, shall I never be Firmly grounded upon Thee? Never by Thy work abide, Never in Thy wounds reside?
- 2 O how wavering is my mind, Tossed about with every wind! O how quickly doth my heart From the living God depart!
- 3 Jesu, let my nature feel, Thou art God unchangeable; JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM, Speak into my soul Thy name.
- 4 Grant that every moment I
 May believe, and feel Thee nigh;
 Steadfastly behold Thy face,
 Stablished with abiding grace.





- 1 Lord, I believe Thy every word,
 Thy every promise, true;
 And, lo! I wait on Thee, my Lord,
 Till I my strength renew.
- 2 Faith to be healed Thou know'st I have, From sin to be made clean; Able Thou art from sin to save, From all indwelling sin.
- 3 I shall, a weak and helpless worm,
 Through Jesus strengthening me,
 Impossibilities perform,
 And live from sinning free.
- 4 For this in steadfast hope I wait; Now, Lord, my soul restore: Now the new heavens and earth create, And I shall sin no more.



- Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord, My Saviour, and my Head,
 I trust in Thee, whose powerful word Hath raised Him from the dead.
- 2 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees, And looks to that alone; Laughs at impossibilities, And cries, It shall be done!
- 3 To Thee the glory of Thy power
 And faithfulness I give;
 I shall in Christ, in that glad has
 - I shall in Christ, in that glad hour, And Christ in me shall live.
- 4 Obedient faith, that waits on Thee, Thou never wilt reprove: But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me, And perfect me in love.



- 1 My God! I know, I feel Thee mine, And will not quit my claim, Till all I have is lost in Thine, And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand, But will not let Thee go, Till steadfastly by faith I stand, And all Thy goodness know.
- 3 O that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow,
 Burn up the dross of base desire,
 And make the mountains flow!
- 4 O that it now from heaven might fall, And all my sins consume! Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call, Spirit of burning, come!
- 5 Refining fire, go through my heart, Illuminate my soul; Scatter Thy life through every part, And sanctify the whole.





- 1 O COME and dwell in me, Spirit of power within! And bring the glorious liberty From sorrow, fear, and sin.
- 2 The seed of sin's disease, Spirit of health remove, Spirit of finished holiness, Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 Hasten the joyful day Which shall my sins consume, When old things shall be passed away, And all things new become.
- 4 The original offence
 Out of my soul erase,
 Enter Thyself, and drive it hence,
 And take up all the place.
- 5 I want the witness, Lord, That all I do is right, According to Thy will and word, Well-pleasing in Thy sight:
- 6 I ask no higher state;
 Indulge me but in this,
 And soon or later, then translate
 To my eternal bliss.



- 1 O God, most merciful and true! Thy nature to my soul impart; Stablish with me the covenant new, And write perfection on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restored,
 O let me gain my Saviour's mind!
 And, in the knowledge of my Lord,
 Fulness of life eternal find.
- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more, That them I may no more forget; But sunk in guiltless shame adore With speechless wonder at Thy feet;
- 4 Pardoned for all that I have done,
 My mouth as in the dust I hide;
 And glory give to God alone,
 My God for ever pacified!



- 1 What now is my object and aim?
 What now is my hope and desire?
 To follow the heavenly Lamb,
 And after His image aspire;
 My hope is all centred in Thee,
 I trust to recover Thy love.
 - My hope is all centred in Thee I trust to recover Thy love, On earth Thy salvation to see, And then to enjoy it above.
- 2 I thirst for a life-giving God, A God that on Calvary died; A fountain of water and blood, Which gushed from Immanuel's side! I gasp for the stream of Thy love, The spirit of rapture unknown, And then to re-drink it above, Eternally fresh from the throne.





- 1 JESU, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue declare; O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
- And reign without a rival there!
 Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am,
 Be Thou alone my constant flame.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul May dwell, but Thy pure love alone; O may Thy love possess me whole,
 - My joy, my treasure, and my crown! Strange flames far from my heart remove; My every act, word, thought, be love
- 3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
 All pain before thy presence flies;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise.
 O Jesu, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!
- 4 In suffering be Thy love my peace, In weakness be Thy love my power: And when the storms of life shall cease, Jesus, in that important hour, In death as life be Thou my guide, And save me, who for me hast died.



- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire, Come, and in me delight to rest; Drawn by the lure of strong desire, O come and consecrate my breast! The temple of my soul prepare, And fix Thy sacred presence there.
- 2 If now Thy influence I feel,
 If now in Thee begin to live,
 Still to my heart Thyself revéal,
 Give me Thyself, for ever give:
 A point my good, a drop my store,
 Eager I ask, I pant for more.
- 3 Eager for Thee I ask and pant, So strong the principle divine Carries me out with sweet constraint,

- Till all my hallowed soul is Thine; Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea, And lost in Thine immensity.
- 4 My peace, my life, my comfort Thou, My treasure, and my all Thou art! True witness of my sonship, now Engraving pardon on my heart, Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven, Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.
- 5 Come then, my God, mark out Thine heir, Of heaven a larger earnest give! With clearer light Thy witness bear, More sensibly within me live; Let all my powers Thine entrance feel, And deeper stamp Thyself the seal.



- 1 I want the Spirit of power within,
 Of love, and of a healthful mind;
 Of power, to conquer inbred sin,
 Of love, to Thee and all mankind,
 Of health, that pain and death defies,
 Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 O that the Comforter would come!

 Nor visit as a transient guest,

 But fix in me His constant home,

And take possession of my breast, And fix in me His loved abode, The temple of indwelling God!

3 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let Thy former gifts be vain;
I cannot rest in sins forgiven,
Where is the earnest of my heaven?





- PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,
 The day of liberty draws near!
 Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
 Shall soon in your behalf appear,
 The Lord will to His temple come,
 Prepare your hearts to make Him room.
- 2 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong! Your downcast eyes and hands lift up! Ye shall not be forgotten long, Hope to the end, in Jesus hope! Tell Him ye wait His grace to prove, And cannot fail, if God is love!
- 3 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold,
 Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
 Dare to believe, on Christ lay hold!
 Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer,
 Tell Him, "We will not let Thee go,
 Till we Thy name, Thy nature know."
- 4 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour Which all Thy great salvation brings; The Spirit of love, and health, and power, Shall come, and make us priests and kings: Thou wilt perform Thy faithful word, "The servant shall be as His Lord."



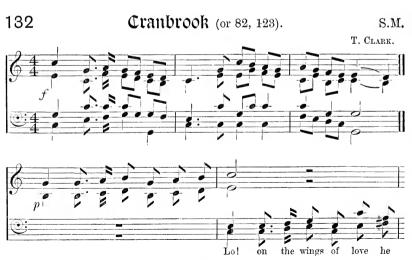
- 1 When, my Saviour, shall I be Perfectly resigned to Thee? Poor and vile in my own eyes, Only in Thy wisdom wise!
- 2 Only Thee content to know, Ignorant of all below, Only guided by Thy light, Only mighty in Thy might!
- 3 So I may Thy Spirit know, Let Him as He listeth blow; Let the manner be unknown, So I may with Thee be one.
- 4 Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness;
 Sweetly let my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love!

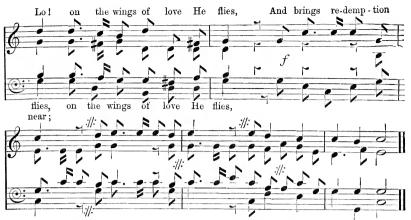


- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives, And ever prays for me; A token of His love He gives, A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find Him lifting up my head, He brings salvation near, His presence makes me free indeed, And He will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be, What can withstand His will?

The counsel of His grace in me He surely shall fulfil.

- 4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
 I steadfastly believe
 Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
 And to Thyself receive.
- 5 When God is mine, and I am His, Of paradise possest, I taste unutterable bliss, And everlasting rest.





1 Prisoners of hope, arise, And see your Lord appear; Lo! on the wings of love He flies,

And brings redemption near; 2 Redemption in His blood

He calls you to receive:
"Look unto me, the pardoning God;
Believe," He cries, "believe!"

3 The reconciling word
We thankfully embrace;
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
A blood-besprinkled race.

4 We yield to be set free; Thy counsel we approve;

Salvation, praise, ascribe to Thee, And glory in Thy love.

5 Jesus, to Thee we look, Till saved from sin's remains; Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke, And cast away His chains.

6 Our nature shall no more
O'er us dominion have;
By faith we apprehend the power
Which shall for ever save.



1 O THAT my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last submit At Jesu's feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb, The God of my salvation see? Weary, O Lord, Thou know'st I am, Yet still I cannot come to Thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find: Saviour of all, if mine Thou art, Give me Thy meek and lowly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin, And fully set my spirit free; I cannot rest till pure within, Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

5 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God, Thy light and easy burden prove, The cross, all stained with hallowed blood, The labour of Thy dying love.





- 1 O Jesus, at Thy feet we wait,
 Till Thou shalt bid us rise,
 Restored to our unsimning state,
 To love's sweet paradise.
- 2 Saviour from sin, we Thee receive, From all indwelling sin; Thy blood, we steadfastly believe, Shall make us throughly clean.
- 3 The counsel of Thy love fulfil; Come quickly, gracious Lord! Be it according to Thy will, According to Thy word!
- 4 According to our faith in Thee Let it to us be done;
 - O that we all Thy face might see, And know as we are known!
- 5 O that the perfect grace were given, The love diffused abroad!
 - O that our hearts were all a heaven, For ever filled with God!





- 1 O God, to Whom, in flesh revealed, The helpless all for succour came, The sick to be relieved and healed, And found salvation in Thy name;
- 2 Thou seest me helpless and distrest,
 Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor,
 Weary, I come to Thee for rest,
 And sick of sin, implore a cure.
- 3 My sin's incurable disease Thou, Jesus, Thou alone, canst heal,

- Inspire me with Thy power and peace, And pardon on my conscience seal.
- 4 A touch, a word, a look from Thee, Can turn my heart, and make it clean, Purge the foul, inbred leprosy, And save me from my bosom sin.
- 5 Lord, if Thou wilt, I do believe Thou canst the saving grace impart, Thou canst this instant now forgive, And stamp Thine image on my heart.





- 1 JESU, Thy far-extended fame My drooping soul exults to hear; Thy name, Thy all-restoring name, Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old Thou didst receive, With comfortable words and kind, Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve, Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art Thou not the Saviour still, In every place and age the same? Hast Thou forgot Thy gracious skill, Or lost the virtue of Thy name?
- 4 Faith in Thy changeless name I have; The good, the kind physician, Thou Art able now our souls to save, Art willing to restore them now.
- 5 That token of Thine utmost good,
 Now, Saviour, now on me bestow;
 And purge my conscience with Thy blood,
 And wash my nature white as snow.

97

Sicilian Mariners (or 24, 271).

4-7's



- 1 Saviour of the sin-sick soul, Give me faith to make me whole! Finish Thy great work of grace, Cut it short in righteousness.
- 2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!" Take away my inbred sin; Every stumbling-block remove, Cast it out by perfect love.
- 3 Nothing less will I require,
 Nothing more can I desire;
 None but Christ to me be given!
 None but Christ in earth or heaven.
- 4 O that I might now decrease!
 O that all I am might cease!
 Let me into nothing fall,
 Let my Lord be all in all.





- 1 Light of life, seraphic fire, Love divine, Thyself impart; Every fainting soul inspire, Shine in every drooping heart! Every mournful sinner cheer, Scatter all our guilty gloom, Son of God, appear, appear! To Thy human temples come.
- 2 Come in this accepted hour; Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in! Fill us with the glorious power, Rooting out the seeds of sin; Nothing more can we require, We will covet nothing less; Be Thou all our heart's desire, All our joy, and all our peace!



- 1 Jesus comes with all His grace, Comes to save a fallen race; Object of our glorious hope, Jesus comes to lift us up!
- 2 He hath our salvation wrought, He our captive souls hath bought, He hath reconciled to God, He hath washed us in His blood.
- 3 Let us then rejoice in hope, Steadily to Christ look up; Trust to be redeemed from sin, Wait, till He appear within.
- 4 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day! Let Thy every servant say, I have now obtained the power, Born of God to sin no more.



- 1 All things are possible to him
 That can in Jesu's Name believe:
 Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme,
 Thy truth I lovingly receive;
 I can, I do believe in Thee,
 All things are possible to me.
- 2 The most impossible of all
 Is, that I e'er from sin should cease;
 Yet shall it be, I know it shall;
 Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness!
 If nothing is too hard for Thee,
 All things are possible to me.
- 3 All things are possible to God,
 To Christ, the power of God in man.
 To me, when I am all renewed.
 When I in Christ am formed again.
 And witness, from all sin set free,
 All things are possible to me.



- LORD, I believe a rest remains
 To all Thy people known,
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And Thou art loved alone:
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire Is fixed on things above; Where fear, and sin, and grief expire, Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know, Believe, and enter in! Now, Saviour, now the power bestow, And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove:
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of Thy love.
- 5 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, And seal me Thine abode! Let all I am in Thee be lost, Let all be lost in God.



- 1 O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace! Christ shall in me appear;
 - I, even I, shall see His face, I shall be holy here.
- 2 This heart shall be His constant home;
 - I hear His Spirit's cry,
 "Surely," He saith, "I quickly come,"
 He saith, who cannot lie.
- 3 He visits now the house of clay, He shakes His future home;
 - O wouldst Thou, Lord, on this glad day, Into Thy temple come!
- 4 Come, O my God, Thyself reveal, Fill all this mighty void; Thou only canst my spirit fill: Come, O my God, my God!
- 5 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires, Large as infinity; Give, give me all my soul requires, All, all that is in Thee!





- 1 What is our calling's glorious hope, But inward holimess ? For this to Jesus I look up, I calmly wait for this.
- 2 I wait, till He shall touch me clean, Shall life and power impart, Give me the faith that casts out sin, And purifies the heart.
- 3 This is the dear redeeming grace, For every sinner free; Surely it shall on me take place, The chief of sinners, me.
- 4 From all iniquity, from all, He shall my soul redeem; In Jesus I believe, and shall Believe myself to Him.
- 5 When Jesus makes my heart His home, My sin shall all depart; And lo! He saith, "I quickly come, To fill and rule thy heart!"
- 6 Be it according to Thy word! Redeem me from all sin; My heart would now receive Thee, Lord, Come in, my Lord, come in!



- 1 HE wills that I should holy be, That holiness I long to feel; That full divine conformity To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- 2 Now let Thy Spirit bring me in, And give Thy servant to possess The land of rest from inbred sin, The land of perfect holiness.
- 3 Lord, I believe Thy power the same, The same Thy truth and grace endure; And in Thy blessed hands I am, And trust Thee for a perfect cure.
- 4 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole!
 Entirely all my sins remove;
 To perfect health restore my soul,
 To perfect holiness and love.



- 1 Father, I dare believe
 Thee merciful and true:
 Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
 My fallen soul renew.
- 2 Come then for Jesu's sake, And bid my heart be clean; An end of all my troubles make, An end of all my sin.
- 3 I will, through grace, I will, I do, return to Thee; Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill My heart with purity!
- 4 For power I feebly pray:
 Thy kingdom now restore,
 To-day, while it is called to-day,
 And I shall sin no more.
- 5 I cannot wash my heart, But by believing Thee,
- And waiting for Thy blood to impart The spotless purity:
- 6 While at Thy cross I lie,
 Jesus, the grace bestow,
 Now Thy all-cleansing blood apply,
 And I am white as snow.





- 1 JESUS hath died that I might live, Might live to God alone; In Him eternal life receive, And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank Thee for the grace, The gift unspeakable! And wait with arms of faith to embrace, And all Thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire The perfect bliss to prove; My longing heart is all on fire To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me Thyself; from every boast, From every wish set free; Let all I am in Thee be lost; But give Thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice Unless Thyself be given; Thy presence makes my paradise, And where Thou art is heaven!



- 1 I ask the gift of righteousness, The sin-subduing power, Power to believe, and go in peace, And never grieve Thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed, The liberty from sin, The grace infused, the love revealed, The kingdom fixed within.
- 3 Art Thou not able to convert?
 Art Thou not willing too?
 To change this old rebellious heart,
 To conquer and renew?
- 4 Thou canst, Thou wilt, I dare believe, So arm me with Thy power, That I to sin shall never cleave, Shall never feel it more.



C.M.



- 1 Come, O my God, the promise seal, This mountain, sin, remove; Now in my gasping soul reveal The virtue of Thy love.
- 2 I want Thy life, Thy purity, Thy righteousness, brought in; I ask, desire, and trust in Thee, To be redeemed from sin.
- 3 Anger and sloth, desire and pride, This moment be subdued!

- Be cast into the crimson tide Of my Redeemer's blood!
- 4 Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up, My present Saviour Thou! In all the confidence of hope, I claim the blessing now.
- 5 'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save, With full salvation bless; Redemption through Thy blood I have, And spotless love and peace.



- 1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know, If risen indeed with Him ye are, Superior to the joys below, His resurrection's power declare.
- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove, By actions show your sins forgiven, And seek the glorious things above, And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see, Scated at God's right hand again, In all His Father's majesty, In everlasting pomp to reign.
- 4 Your real life, with Christ concealed, Deep in the Father's bosom lies, And, glorious as your Head revealed, Ye soon shall meet Him in the skies.



- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost, One in three, and three in one, As by the celestial host, Let Thy will on earth be done; Praise by all to Thee be given, Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!
- 2 If so poor a worm as I

 May to Thy great glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive;
 Claim me for Thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am.
- 3 Take my soul and body's powers;
 Take my memory, mind, and will,
 All my goods and all my hours,
 All I know, and all I feel,
 All I think. or speak, or do;
 Take my heart,—but make it new!
- 4 Now O God, Thine own I am,
 Now I give Thee back Thine own;
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame
 Consecrate to Thee alone:
 Thine I live, thrice happy I!
 Happier still if Thine I die.



- 1 Jesus, all-atoning Lamb, Thine, and only Thine, I am; Take my body, spirit, soul; Only Thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be: Let me ever cleave to Thee; Let me choose the better part; Let me give Thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men, Do not let me turn again, Leave the fountain-head of bliss, Stoop to creature-happiness.
- 4 Whom have I on earth below? Thee, and only Thee I know; Whom have I in heaven but Thee? Thou art all in all to me.



- FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift, My soul on Thee depends, Convinced that every perfect gift From Thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are Thine alone, And power and wisdom too; Without the Spirit of Thy Son We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word, One holy thought conceive, Unless, in answer to our Lord, Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 His blood demands the purchased grace; His blood's availing plea Obtained the help for all our race, And sends it down to me.

- 5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought; Our good is all divine; The praise of every virtuous thought, And righteous word, is Thine.
- 6 From Thee, through Jesus, we receive The power on Thee to call, In whom we are, and move, and live; Our God is all in all!



- Jesu, my Truth, my Way, My sure, unerring Light,
 On Thee my feeble steps I stay, Which Thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My Wisdom and my Guide, My Counsellor Thou art;
- O never let me leave Thy side, Or from Thy paths depart!
- 3 I lift my eyes to Thee,
 Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
 That I may now enlightened be,
 And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove Out of Thy hands my cause; But rest in Thy redeeming love, And hang upon Thy cross.
- 5 O make me all like Thee, Before I hence remove! Settle, confirm, and stablish me, And build me up in love.
- 6 Let me Thy witness live, When sin is all destroyed; And then my spotless soul receive, And take me home to God.



Mewmarket (or 65, 171).

L.M.



- 1 O God, my God, my all Thou art! Ere shines the dawn of rising day, Thy sovereign light within my heart, Thy all-enlivening power display.
- 2 For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant While in this desert land I live; And hungry as I am, and faint, Thy love alone can comfort give.
- 3 In a dry land, behold I place
 My whole desire on Thee, O Lord;
 And more I joy to gain Thy grace,
 Than all earth's treasures can afford.
- 4 More dear than life itself, Thy love My heart and tongue shall still employ; And to declare Thy praise will prove My peace, my glory, and my joy.
- 5 In blessing Thee with grateful songs My happy life shall glide away; The praise that to Thy Name belongs Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.
- 6 Abundant sweetness, while I sing Thy love, my ravished heart o'erflows; Secure in Thee, my God and King, Of glory that no period knows.

155

Arnold's (or 117, 217).

C.M. Dr. S. Arnold.



 COME, let us use the grace divine, And all, with one accord,
 In a perpetual covenant join Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

For God to live and die.

- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power, His name to glorify; And promise, in this sacred hour,
- 3 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Let all our hearts receive; Present with the celestial host, The peaceful answer give.
- 4 To each the covenant blood apply, Which takes our sins away; And register our names on high, And keep us to that day!



1 Love divine, all loves excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown; Jesu, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art; Visit us with Thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all Thy grace receive; Suddenly return, and never, Never more, Thy temples leave; Thee we would be always blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts above, Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotdess let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!



- 1 My body, soul, and spirit,
 Jesus, I give to Thee,
 A consecrated offering,
 Thine evermore to be.
 My all is on the altar,
 I'm waiting for the fire.
- 2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour, I trust in Thy great name, I look for Thy salvation, Thy promise now I claim. My all, &c.
- Joseph of the fire descending
 Just now upon my soul,
 Consume my humble offering,
 And cleanse and make me whole,
 My all, &c.
- 4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
 Washed by Thy precious blood;
 Now seal me by Thy Spirit,
 A sacrifice to God.
 My all is on the altar,
 I'm waiting for the fire.





- 1 Precious Saviour, Thou hast saved me; Thine and only Thine I am:
 - O the cleansing blood has reached me! Glory, glory, to the Lamb! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 - Glory, glory to the Lamb!

 O the cleansing blood has reached me!
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!
- 2 Long my yearning heart was striving To obtain this precious rest; But when all my struggles ended, Simply trusting, I was blest. Glory, &c.
- 3 Consecrated to Thy service,
 I will live and die to Thee;
 I will witness to Thy glory,
 Of salvation, full and tree
- Of salvation, full and free.
 Glory, &c.
 4 Glory to the Lord who bought me!
- Glory for His saving power!
 Glory to the Lord who keeps me!
 Glory, glory, evermore!
 - Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!
 O the cleansing blood has reached me!
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!
- 159 Rockingham (or 20, 61). L.M.

 Dr. MILLER.
 - 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 - 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God: All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down: Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.



- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround His throne.
 Praise ye the Lord! Hallelujah!
- 2 Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But servants of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad. Praise ye, &c.

- 3 The men of grace have found Glory begun below;
- Celestial fruit on earthly ground

 From faith and hope may grow.

 Praise ye, &c.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We are marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.
 Praise ye, &c.



- 1 O what shall I do my Saviour to praise, So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace, So strong to deliver, so good to redeem The weakest believer that hangs upon Him!
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free, The people that can be joyful in Thee! Their joy is to walk in the light of Thy face, And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in Thy Name; They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim; Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by Thy blood Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For Thou art their boast, their glory and power; And I also trust to see the glad hour, My soul's new creation, a life from the dead, The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.



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- 1 And can it be, that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's blood?
 Died He for me, who caused His pain?
 For me, who Him to death pursued?
 Amazing love! how can it be
 That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
- 2 He left His Father's throne above
 (So free, so infinite His grace!),
 Emptied Himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race,
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me!
- 3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
 I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went footh, and followed Thee.
- 4 No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
 Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, through Christ my own.



1 Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:

"Forgive Him, O forgive," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

His dear Anointed One; He cannot turn away The presence of His Son: His Spirit answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.

4 The Father hears Him pray,

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry!



My God, 3 am Thine.







1 My God, I am Thine,
What a comfort divine, [mine!
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is

2 In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am, [His Name.
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of

 $\begin{array}{cccc} {\bf 3} \ \, {\rm True} \ \, {\rm pleasures} \ \, {\rm abound} \ \, & \\ {\rm In} \ \, {\rm the} \ \, {\rm rapturous} \ \, {\rm sound} \ \, ; & \\ {\rm And} \ \, {\rm whoever} \ \, {\rm hath} \ \, {\rm found} \ \, & \\ {\rm the} \ \, {\rm the} \$

4 My Jesus to know,
And feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

5 Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast: [taste!
That, that is the fulness; but this is the

6 And this I shall prove,

Till with joy I remove

To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

165 Mount Dicasant (or 51, 71). C.M.
LEACH.



- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear, My dawning is begun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And Thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sacred bliss,

- If Jesus shows His mercy mine, And whispers I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay At that transporting word; Run up with joy the shining way, To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death, I'd break through every foe; The wings of love and arms of faith, Would bear me conqueror through.



- 1 What shall I do my God to love? My loving God to praise? [prove, The length, and breadth, and height to And depths of sovereign grace?
- 2 My trespass was grown up to heaven; But far above the skies. In Christ abundantly forgiven, I see Thy mercies rise.
- 3 The depths of all-redeeming love What angel-tongue can tell?
 - O may I to the utmost prove The gift unspeakable!
- 4 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take Possession of Thine own; My longing heart vouchsafe to make Thine everlasting throne!







1 ALL thanks be to God, Who scatters abroad, Throughout every place,

By the least of His servants, His savour of grace!

> Who the victory gave, The praise let Him have. For the work He hath done:

All honour and glory to Jesus alone! 2 Our conquering Lord

Hath prospered His Word, Hath made it prevail, And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell. His arm He hath bared, And a people prepared His glory to show, And witness the power of His passion below. 3 He hath opened a door To the penitent poor, And rescued from sin,

And admitted the harlots and publicans in; They have heard the glad sound,

They have liberty found

Through the blood of the Lamb, And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

4 And shall we not sing Our Saviour and King? Thy witnesses, we

With rapture ascribe our salvation to Thee.

Thou, Jesus, hast blessed,

And believers increased,

Who thankfully own

We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.



- 1 Glory be to God above,
 God from whom all blessings flow;
 Make we mention of His love,
 Publish we His praise below;
 Called together by His grace,
 We are met in Jesu's name;
 See with joy each other's face,
 Followers of the bleeding Lamb.
- 2 Let us then sweet counsel take, How to make our calling sure, Our election how to make Past the reach of hell secure; Build we each the other up; Pray we for our faith's increase, Solid comfort, settled hope, Constant joy and lasting peace.
- 3 More and more let love abound;
 Let us never, never rest,
 Till we are in Jesus found,
 Of our paradise possest;
 He removes the flaming sword,
 Calls us back, from Eden driven;
 To His image here restored,
 Soon He takes us up to heaven.



- 1 APPOINTED by Thee we meet in Thy name, And meekly agree to follow the Lamb, To trace Thy example, the world to disdain, And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.
- 2 Rejoicing in hope, we humbly go on, And daily take up the pledge of our crown; In doing and bearing the will of our Lord, We still are preparing to meet our reward.
- 3 O Jesus, appear! no longer delay
 To sanctify here, and bear us away,
 The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
 Triumphantly sitting in glory with Thee!



- 1 Our souls are in His mighty hand And He shall keep them still;
 - And you and I shall surely stand, With Him on Zion's hill!
- 2 Him eye to eye we there shall see, Our face like His shall shine;
 - O what a glorious company, When saints and angels join!
- 3 O what a joyful meeting there! In robes of white arrayed, Palms in our hands we all shall bear, And crowns upon our head.
- 4 Then let us lawfully contend, And fight our passage through; Bear in our faithful minds the end, And keep the prize in view.



- 1 My soul, through my Redeemer's care, Saved from the second death I feel, My eyes from tears of dark despair, My feet from falling into hell,
- 2 Wherefore to Him my feet shall run, My eyes on His perfections gaze, My soul shall live for God alone, And all within me shout His praise.



- 1 ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
 Display Thy beams divine,
 And cause the glories of Thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.
- 2 Light in Thy light O may I see, Thy grace and mercy prove, Revived, and cheered, and blessed by Thee, The God of pardoning love!
- 3 Lift up Thy countenance serene, And let Thy happy child Behold, without a cloud between, The Godhead reconciled.
- 4 That all-comprising peace bestow On me, through grace forgiven, The joys of holiness below, And then the joys of heaven.

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St. Stephen (or 59, 155).

C.M.



- 1 My Shepherd will supply my need, Jehovah is His name; In pastures fresh He makes me feed, Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back, When I forsake His ways; And leads me, for His mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

- $\ensuremath{\mathfrak{F}}$ When I walk through the shades of death,
 - A word of Thy supporting breath Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand in sight of all my foes

 Doth now my table spread:

 My cup with blessings overflows,

 Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God Attend me all my days:O may Thine house be mine abode,



- 1 My heart is full of Christ, and longs Its glorious matter to declare! Of Him I make my loftier songs, I cannot from His praise forbear; My ready tongue makes haste to sing The glories of my heavenly King.
- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race, Perfect in comeliness Thou art; Replenished are Thy lips with grace, And full of love Thy tender heart: God ever blest! we bow the knee, And own all fulness dwells in Thee.
- 3 Gird on Thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
 And take to Thee Thy power divine;
 Stir up Thy strength, almighty Lord,
 All power and majesty are Thine:
 Assert Thy worship and renown;
 O all-redeeming God, come down!
- 4 Come, and maintain Thy righteous cause,
 And let Thy glorious toil succeed;
 Dispread the victory of Thy cross,
 Ride on, and prosper in Thy deed;
 Through earth triumphantly ride on,
 And reign in every heart alone.



- SWEET is the memory of Thy grace, My God, my heavenly King:
 Let age to age Thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines His bounty to the skies: Through the whole earth His goodness shines, And every want supplies.
- 3 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord! How slow Thine anger moves! But soon He sends His pardoning word, To cheer the souls He loves.
- 4 Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy power and praise proclaim;
 But we, who taste Thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless Thy name.



- 1 My Jesus. I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign; My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou; If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my pardon when nailed to the tree; I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow; If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight, I'll ever adore Thee, and dwell in Thy sight; I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.





- 1 O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart that always feels Thy blood, So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne, Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean; Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.





- 1 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day;
 Happy day! happy day!
 When Jesus washed my sins away.
- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. He taught, &c.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's, and 'He' is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. He taught, &c.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart; Fixed on this blissful centre, rest; Nor ever from Thy Lord depart, With Him of every good possess'd. He taught, &c.
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. He taught, &c.

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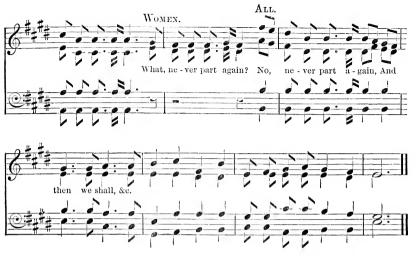
Ι











- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 And soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
 And then we shall with Jesus reign,
 And never, never part again.
 What, never part again? No, never part again,
 And then we shall with Jesus reign,
 And never, never part again.
 - 2 There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours. We're marching, &c.
 - 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green: So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. We're marching, &c.
 - 4 O could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbeclouded eyes!
 We're marching, &c.
 - 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood. Should fright us from the shore. We're marching, &c.



- 1 Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine, The joy and desire of my heart, For closer communion I pine, I long to reside where Thou art: The pasture I languish to find Where all, who their Shepherd obey, Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined, And screened from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah! show me that happiest place. The place of Thy people's abode, Where saints in an ecstasy gaze, And hang on a crucified God;

- Thy love for a sinner declare,

 Thy passion and death on the tree;

 My spirit to Calvary bear,

 To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,
 There only, I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in Thy breast;
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart,
 Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
 Eternally held in Thy heart.



- 1 How happy every child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven! This earth, he cries, is not my place I seek my place in heaven!
- 2 A country far from mortal sight; Yet O, by faith I see The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heaven prepared for me!
- ô A stranger in the world below, I calmly sojourn here; Nor can its happiness or woe; Provoke my hope or fear:
- I Its evils in a moment end,
 Its joys as soon are past;
 But O! the bliss to which I tend
 Eternally shall last!

T. B. Mason.



- 1 Happy the man that finds the grace, The blessing of God's chosen race, The wisdom coming from above, The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he Who knows the Saviour died for me, The gift unspeakable obtains, And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price Of wisdom's costly merchandise? Wisdom to silver we prefer, And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days, True riches, and immortal praise, Riches of Christ, on all bestowed, And honour that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites, Chaste, holy, spiritual delights; Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains, Thrice happy who his guest retains! He owns, and shall for ever own, Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.







I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me; O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand. O sing of His mighty love! Sing of His mighty love!

Sing of His mighty love, Mighty to save!

- 2 O bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine! No longer in dread condemnation I pine: In conscious salvation I sing of His grace, Who lifted upon me the light of His face. O sing, &c.
- 3 O bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure! No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure! No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest, No tears—but may dry them on Jesus's breast. O sing, &c.
- 4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing, My blessed Redeemer, my God, and my King; My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave, And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save." O sing, &c.



- 1 The love of Christ doth me constrain To seek the wandering souls of men; With cries, entreaties, tears to save, To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 2 For this let men revile my name, No cross I shun, I fear no shame; All hail, reproach, and welcome, pain! Only Thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 3 My life, my blood, I here present, If for Thy truth they may be spent; Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord! Thy will be done, Thy name adored!
- 4 Give me Thy strength, O God of power; Then let winds blow or thunders roar, Thy faithful witness will I be: 'Tis fixed; I can do all through Thee.

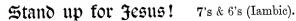


- 1 Thou, Jesu, Thou my breast inspire,
 And touch my lips with hallowed fire,
 And loose a stammering infant's tongue;
 Prepare the vessel of Thy grace,
 Adorn me with the robes of praise,
 And mercy shall be all my song;
- 2 Mercy for all who know not God, Mercy for all in Jesu's blood, Mercy, that earth and heaven transcends; Love that o'erwhelms the saints in light, The length, and breadth, and depth, and height Of love divine, which never ends!
- 3 When I have lived to Thee alone,
 Pronounce the welcome word, "Well done!"
 And let me take my place above;
 Enter into my Master's joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In praise, and eestasy, and love.

Rescue the Perisbing.



- 1 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen, Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save. Rescue the perishing, care for the dying, Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
- 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting, Waiting the penitent child to receive; Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently: He will forgive if they only believe. Rescue the perishing, &c.
- 3 Down in the sinner's heart, crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that grace can restore; Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more. Rescue the perishing, &c.
- 4 Rescue the perishing,—duty demands it;
 Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
 Back to the narrow way patiently win them,
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
 Rescue the perishing, &c.



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- 1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus! ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal banner, it must not suffer loss; From victory unto victory His army shall He lead, Till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus! the trumpet-call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict in this His glorious day! Ye that are men, now serve Him against unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, and strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus! stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you—ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gospel armour, and, watching unto prayer, Where duty calls, or danger, be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus! the strife will not be long, This day the noise of battle, the next the victor's song; To him that overcometh a crown of life shall be, He with the King of Glory shall reign eternally.

Marching on.



- 1 We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and battle for the right, We will praise His name, rejoicing in His might, And we'll work till Jesus calls. Then awake, then awake, happy song, happy song. Shout for joy, shout for joy, as we gladly march along.
- 2 We are marching onward, singing as we go. To the promised land where living waters flew, Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here below, Come and work till Jesus calls. Then awake, &c.
- 3 We are marching on, our Captain, ever near, Will protect us still; His guiding voice we hear; Let the fee advance, we'll never, never fear, For we'll work till Jesus calls. Then awake, &c.
- 4 We are marching on, and pressing towards the prize, To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies, To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies, And we'll work till Jesus calls. Then awake, &c.







1 When His salvation bringing
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He bade them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 Then since the Lord retaineth His love for children still, Though now as King He reigneth On Zion's heavenly hill, We'll flock around His banner Who sits upon the throne, And sing aloud, Hosanna! To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming Our great Redeemer's praise, The stones, our silence shaming, Would their hosannas raise; But shall we only render The tribute of our words? No, while our hearts are tender, They too shall be the Lord's!



- 1 "Whosoever heareth!" shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed tidings all the world around; Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:
- "Whosoever will may come."
 "Whosoever will!" "whosoever will!"
 - Send the proclamation over vale and hill, 'Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer home;
 - "Whosoever will may come!"
- 2 Whosoever cometh need not delay: Now the door is open, enter while ye may;
 - Jesus is the true, the only Living Way,
 - "Whosoever will may come!"
 "Whosoever will," &c.
- 3 "Whosoever will," the promise is secure; "Whosoever will," for ever must endure; "Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore;

 - - "Whosoever will may come!"
 "Whosoever will," &c.



1 Work, Christian labourer, work!
Now, while 'tis called to-day;
Toil in thy Master's work,
And, toiling, watch and pray;
The tempter bids thee pause and sleep;
Work! if thou wouldst the harvest reap.

2 Pray, Christian pilgrim, pray! And keep thine armour bright; Though rugged be the way, Though cheerless be the night; Through darkest night and weariest day, Pray without ceasing, Christian, pray!

3 Fight, Christian soldier, fight!
The battle is the Lord's:
Strong in Jehovah's might,
The strength Himself affords;
O'er foes without and foes within,
Strong in the Lord, the day thou'lt win.

192 Pet there is Room.





- 1 YET there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glory beckons thee along. Room, room, still room!
 O enter, enter now!
- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low; The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go. Room, &c.
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast,
 Pass in! pass in! and be the Bridegroom's guest.
 Room, &c.
- 4 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate, The gate of love: it is not yet too late. Room, &c.
- 5 Pass in! pass in! That banquet is for thee:
 That cup of everlasting love is free.
 Room, &c.
- 6 All heaven is there: all joy! Go in! go in! The angels beckon thee the prize to win.

 Room, &c.
- 7 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
 Then the last low, long cry: "No room! no room!"
 No room! no room!
 O woful cry!—"No room!"



- 1 O Thou who camest from above The pure celestial fire to impart, Kindle a flame of sacred love On the mean altar of my heart!
- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn With inextinguishable blaze; And trembling to its source return, In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire To work, and speak, and think for Thee: Still let me guard the holy fire, And still stir up thy gift in me;
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will, My acts of faith and love repeat, Till death Thy endless mercies seal, And make the sacrifice complete,



- 1 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
 Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
 Some one is ready, some one is waiting:
 Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
 Who'll be the next
 To follow Jesus now?
- 2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
 Follow His weary, bleeding feet?
 Who'll be the next to lay every burden
 Down at the Father's mercy seat?
 Who'll be, &c.
- 3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
 Who'll be the next to praise His name?
 Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption'
 Sing Hallelujah! praise the Lamb!
 Who'll be, &c.



- 1 LORD, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free,
- Myself. my residue of days I consecrate to Thee.

- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I Restore to Thee Thy own;
- And, from this moment, live or die
 To serve my God alone.



- 1 God of all-redeeming grace,
 By Thy pardoning love compelled,
 Up to Thee our souls we raise,
 Up to Thee our bodies yield:
 Thou our sacrifice receive,
 - Acceptable through Thy Son, While to Thee alone we live, While we die to Thee alone.
- 2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
 That we should be wholly Thine,
 In Thine only will delight,
 - In Thy blessed service join:
- O that every work and word
 Might proclaim how good Thou art!
- "Holiness unto the Lord"
 Still be written on our heart.



- Let Him to whom we now belong, His sovereign right assert,
 And take up every thankful song, And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for His own, Who bought us with a price; The Christian lives to Christ alone, To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesus, Thine own at last receive!
 Fulfil our hearts' desire,
 And let us to Thy glory live,
 And in Thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
 With joy we render Thee
 Our all, no longer ours, but Thine
 To all eternity.





1 O God, what offering shall I give To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies? My spirit, soul, and flesh receive.

A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, Thou hast my soul. No longer mine, but thine I am; Guard Thou Thine own, possess it whole. Cheer it with hope, with love inflame; Thou hast my spirit, there display Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed shrine, Devoted solely to Thy will; Here let Thy light for ever shine, This house still let Thy presence fill; O source of life, live, dwell, and move In me, till all my life be love!



- 1 Give me the faith which can remove And sink the mountain to a plain; Give me the childlike praying love, Which longs to build Thy house again; Thy love let it my heart o'erpower, And all my simple soul devour.
- 2 I want an even strong desire, I want a calmly fervent zeal. To save poor souls out of the fire, To snatch them from the verge of hell, And turn them to a pardoning God, And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.
- 3 I would the precious time redeem, And longer live for this alone, To spend, and to be spent, for them Who have not yet my Saviour known; Fully on these my mission prove, And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart With boundless charity divine! So shall I all my strength exert, And love them with a zeal like Thine; And lead them to Thy open side, The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

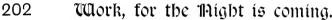


- 1 Holy Lamb, who Thee confess, Followers of Thy holiness, Thee they ever keep in view, Ever ask, "What shall we do?" Governed by Thy only will, All Thy words we would fulfil, Would in all Thy footsteps go, Walk as Jesus walked below.
- 2 While Thou didst on earth appear, Servant to Thy servants here, Mindful of Thy place above, All Thy life was prayer and love.
- Such our whole employment be, Works of faith and charity; Works of love on man bestowed, Secret intercourse with God.
- 3 Vessels, instruments of grace, Pass we thus our happy days 'Twixt the mount and multitude, Doing or receiving good; Glad to pray and labour on, Till our earthly course is run, Till we on the sacred tree, Bow the head and die like Thee.





- 1 Go labour on; spend, and be spent, Thy joy to do the Father's will; It is the way the Master went, Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go labour on; 'tis not for nought, Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain; Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Master praises; what are men?
- 3 Go labour on, while it is day, The world's dark night is hastening on; Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away; It is not thus that souls are won.
- 4 Men die in darkness at your side Without a hope to cheer the tomb; Take up the torch, and ware it wide, The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray; Be wise, the erring soul to win; Go forth into the world's highway, Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice; For toil comes rest, for exile home; Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice; The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"





- 1 WORK, for the night is coming! Work, through the morning hours: Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work, 'mid springing flowers: Work, when the day grows brighter, Work, in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming,
- Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming! Work, through the sunny noon: Fill brightest hours with labour, Rest comes sure and soon.
- Give every flying minute Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming
 Under the sunset skies!
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth, to shine no more:

Work, while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.





- 1 TAKE my life and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee; Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love; Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 3 Take my voice and let me sing Always, only, for my King; Take my lips and let them be Filled with messages from Thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold; Take my intellect and use Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure-store; Take myself and I will be, Ever, only, all for Thee !





- 1 Extended on a cursed tree, Besmeared with dust, and sweat and blood, See there, the King of glory see! Sinks and expires the Son of God.
- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done? Who could Thy sacred body wound? No guilt Thy spotless heart hath known, No guile hath in Thy lips been found.
- 3 I, I alone, have done the deed!
 "Tis I Thy sacred flesh have torn;
 My sins have caused Thee, Lord, to bleed,
 Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.
- 4 The burden, for me to sustain Too great, on Thee, my Lord, was laid; To heal me, Thou hast borne my pain; To bless me, Thou a curse wast made.
- 5 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim? How pay the mighty debt I owe? Let all I have, and all I am, Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.
- 6 Too much to Thee I cannot give; Too much I cannot do for Thee; Let all Thy love and all Thy grief, Graven on my heart for ever be!



- 1 SEE how great a flame aspires, Kindled by a spark of grace! Jesu's love the nations fires, Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
- 2 To bring fire on earth He came, Kindled in some hearts it is; O that all might eatch the flame, All partake the glorious bliss!
- 3 When He first the work begun, Small and feeble was His day; Now the word doth swiftly run, Now it wins its widening way;
- 4 More and more it spreads and grows, Ever mighty to prevail, Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows, Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
- 5 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand?
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
- 6 Lo! the promise of a shower Drops already from above; But the Lord will shortly pour All the Spirit of his love!



- 1 "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded," Christ to receive;
 - Seems now some soul to say?— "Go Spirit, go Thy way, Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call."
- 2 "Almost persuaded:" come, come to-day; "Almost persuaded:" turn not away! Jesus invites you here,
 - Angels are lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wanderer, come!
- 3 "Almost persuaded: "harvest is past! "Almost persuaded: "doom comes at last!
 - - "Almost" cannot avail:
 "Almost" is but to fail;

 - Sad, sad, that bitter wail,
 - "Almost,"—but lost!





- 1 Art thou weary? art thou languid? Art thou sore distrest?
- "Come to me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."
- 2 Hath He marks to led me to Him, If He be my guide?
- "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem as monarch That His brow adorns?
- "Yea, a crown in very surety, But of thorns."

- 4 If I find Him, if I follow, What His guerdon here?
- "Many a sorrow, many a labour, Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last?
- "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended, Jordan passed."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay?
- "Not till earth, and not till heaven, Pass away."
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling, Is He sure to bless?
- "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, Answer—Yes."



- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be!
- 2 Once they were mourners here below, And poured out cries and tears: They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came; They, with united breath, Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their triumph to His death.
- 4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise For His own pattern given; While the long cloud of witnesses Show the same path to heaven.



- What are these arrayed in white,
 Brighter than the noonday sun?
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne?
 These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their Master stood;
 Sufferers in His righteous cause,
 Followers of the dying God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came,
 Washed their robes by faith below,
 In the blood of yonder Lamb,
 Blood that washes white as snow:
 Therefore are they next the throne,
 Serve their Maker day and night:
 God resides among His own,
 God doth in His saints delight.



Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,

Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

Wy Father's house on high

2 My Father's house on high, Home of my soul! how near, At times, to faith's foreseeing eye, Thy golden gates appear. Here in the body, &c. 3 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
Here in the body, &c.
4 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.

Even here to me fulfil.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.



- 1 God loved the world of sinners, lost And ruined by the fall;
 - Salvation full, at highest cost,
 - He offers free to all.
 - O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, The love of God to me!
 - It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calvary.
- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The risen Son of God; Redemption by His death I find, And cleansing through the blood.
 - O 'twas love, &c.

- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in, And to His saints makes known
 - The blessed rest from inbred sin, Through faith in Christ alone.
 - O 'twas love, &c.
- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
 - There shall to you be given
 - A glorious foretaste, here below, Of endless life in heaven.
 - O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, The love of God to me!
 - It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calvary.



30siab or 236).

7's & 6's.



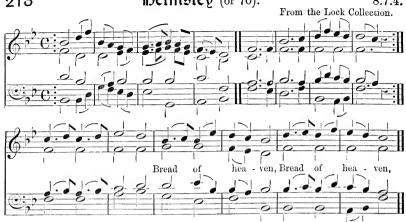




1 Good Thou art, and good Thou dost,
Thy mercies reach to all,
Chiefly those who on Thee trust,
And for Thy mercy call:
New they every morning are;
As fathers when their children cry,
Us Thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.

2 Who can sound the depths unknown Of Thy redeeming grace? Grace that gave Thine only Son To save a ruined race! Millions of transgressors poor Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven, Made them of Thy favour sure, And snatched from hell to heaven.

3 Millions more Thou ready art
To save, and to forgive;
Every soul and every heart
Of man Thou wouldst receive:
Father, now accept of mine,
Which now, through Christ, I offer Thee;
Tell me now, in love divine,
That Thou hast pardened me!





- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing stream shall flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 - Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer!
 Be Thou still my help and shield.
- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 1 am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven!
 Feed me now and evermore.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside; Death of death, and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side; Songs of praises I will ever give to Thee.



- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O, teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done!"
- 2 What though in lonely grief I sigh For friends beloved, no longer nigh, Submissive would I still reply, "Thy will be done!"

- 3 Let but my fainting heat be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest: "Thy will be done!"
- 4 Renew my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine; and take away
- All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
- 5 Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears before, I'll sing upon a happier shore, "Thy will be done!"



- 1 HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat Thee, And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend; Give ear to His voice, lest in judgment He meet thee: "The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 2 How oft of Thy danger and guilt He hath told Thee! How oft still the message of mercy doth send! Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to enfold thee: "The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 3 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before Him, O bow to His sceptre, and make Him thy friend; Now yield Him thy heart, and make haste to adore Him: "The harvest is passing, the summer will end."



- 1 HARK! the gospel news is sounding, Christ hath suffered on the tree; Streams of mercy are abounding, Grace for all is rich and free.

 Now, poor sinner,

 Look to Him who died for Thee.
- 2 O escape to yonder mountain, Now believe in Him to-day; Christ invites you to the fountain, Come and wash your sins away: Do not tarry, Come to Jesus while you may.
- 3 Grace is flowing like a river, Millions there have been supplied; Still it flows as fresh as ever From the Saviour's wounded side: None need perish; All may live, for Christ hath died.
- 4 Christ alone shall be our portion; Soon we hope to meet above; Then we'll bathe in the full ocean Of the great Redeemer's love: All His fulness We shall then for ever prove.



- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear!
 - It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast: 'Tis manna to the hungry soul. And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield, and hiding place, My never-failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend. My Prophet, Priest, and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim With every fleeting breath; And may the music of Thy name Refresh my soul in death!



I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross;

I shall full salvation find. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow: Save me, Jesus! save me now!

Long has evil reigned within; Jesus sweetly speaks to me, "I will cleanse thee from all sin." I am trusting, &c.

3 Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store,

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,

I am trusting, &c.

4 In the promises I trust, Now I know the blood applied; I am prostrate in the dust, I with Christ am crucified. I am trusting, &c.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul! Perfected in Him I am:

I am every whit made whole: Glory, glory to the Lamb! Still I'm trueting, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow: Jesus saves me-saves me now!



- 1 I AM so glad that our Father in heaven Tells of His love in the book He has given: Wonderful things in the Bible I see; This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me. I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, I am so glad that Jesus loves me, even me.
- 2 Though I forget Him, and wander away, Still He doth love me wherever I stray; Back to His dear loving arms do I flee, When I remember that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, &c.
- 3 O if there's only one song I can sing, When in His beauty I see the great King, This shall my song in eternity be, "O what a wonder that Jesus loves me!" I am so glad, &c.
- 4 If one should ask of me, how can I tell? Glory to Jesus, I know very well! God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree, Constantly witnessing Jesus loves me. I am so glad, &c.
- 5 In this assurance I find sweetest rest; Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest; Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee, When I just tell him that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, &c.



1 IAM Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee. Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,

To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessèd
Lord,

To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, With the oil of grace divine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,

And my will be lost in Thine.

Draw me, &c.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend, [God, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my I commune as friend with friend! Draw me, &c.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot Till I cross the narrow sea; [know There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died:
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessèd
Lord.

To Thy precious, bleeding side.



farrant (or 78, 152).

C.M.





- 1 My God, my God, to Thee I cry, Thee only would I know; Thy purifying blood apply, And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean, Purge my iniquity; Unless Thou wash my soul from sin, I have no part in Thee.
- 3 But art Thou not already mine? Answer, if mine Thou art!

- Whisper within, Thou Love divine, And cheer my drooping heart.
- 4 Tell me again my peace is made, And bid the sinner live; The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid, My Father must forgive.
- 5 Behold, for me the victim bleeds, His wounds are opened wide; For me the blood of sprinkling pleads, And speaks me justified.



 I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory, A dear loving Saviour, though earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me; And O that my Saviour were your Saviour too! For you I am praying, for you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father: to me He has given A hope for eternity blessèd and true: And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven. But O may He lead you to go with me too! For you, &c.

3 I have a peace: it is calm as a river— A peace that the friends of this world never knew: My Saviour alone is its author and giver. And O could I know it was given to you! For you, &c.

4 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story, That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too: Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you! For you, &c.



3 hear Thy welcome voice. S.M. (with Chorus).



1 I HEAR Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.
I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till spotless all and pure. I am coming, &c.

3 'Tis Jesus who confirms The blessed work within, By adding grace to welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin. I am coming, &c.

4 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.
I am coming, &c.

5 All hail, atoning blood! All hail, redeeming grace! All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,

Our Strength and Righteousness.

I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee,
Wash me sleaves me in the bleed

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Calvary.







- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me, and rest;
 Lay down, Thou weary one, lay down,
 Thy head upon My breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was—
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.



1 NEARER, my God, to Thee! nearer to Thee! E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear steps unto heaven; All that Thou sendest me in mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;

So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!





- I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my heart to Jesus,
 To wash its crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
 All fulness dwells in Him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases;
 He all my sorrow shares.

Mettleton.



1 I'm a pilgrim on my journey!
Ere I reach the narrow sea,
I would tell the wondrous story.
What the Lord has done for me.
I love Jesus, hallelujah!
I love Jesus, yes, I do;
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,
Jesus smiles and loves me too.

- 2 I was lost, but Jesus found me. Taught my heart to seek His face, From a wild and lonely desert Brought me to His fold of grace. I love Jesus, &c.
- 3 Now my soul, with rapture glowing, Sings aloud his pardoning love, Looks beyond a world of sorrow, To the pilgrim's home above. I love Jesus, &c.
- 4 I shall yet behold my Saviour,
 When the day of life is o'er;
 I shall cast my crown before Him,
 I shall praise Him evermore.
 I love Jesus, hallelujah!
 I love Jesus, yes, I do;
 I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,
 Jesus smiles and loves me too.









 I NEED Thee every hour, Most gracious Lord!
 No tender voice like Thine Can peace afford.

I need Thee, O I need Thee!
Every hour I need Thee!
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their power When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, &c. 3 I need Thee every hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, &c.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
I need Thee, O I need Thee!
Every hour I need Thee!

Every hour I need Thee!
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.





1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
Of the Lowb, the bleeding

O the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, The Lamb upon Calvary, the Lamb that was slain,

And liveth again, to intercede for me!

2 I saw One hanging on a tree In agonies and blood, Who fixed His languid eyes on me, As near the Cross I stood. O the Lamb, &c. 3 Never until my latest breath Can I forget that look:

It seemed to charge me with His death, Though not a word He spoke. O the Lamb, &c.

4 A second look He gave, which said, "I freely all forgive;

My blood is for Thy ransom paid,

I die that Thou may'st live."
O the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,

The Lamb upon Calvary, the Lamb that was slain,

And liveth again, to intercede for me!

Zesus saves me now!





1 Jesus hath died and hath risen again, Pardon and peace to bestow;

Fully I trust Him; from sin's guilty stain Jesus saves me now.

Jesus saves me now!

Jesus saves me now! Yes, Jesus saves me all the time,

Jesus saves me now!

2 Sin's condemnation is over and gone, Jesus alone knoweth how; Life and salvation my soul hath put on; Jesus saves me now! Jesus saves, &c.

3 Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin, Satan to Jesus must bow,

Therefore I triumph without and within; Jesus saves me now.

Jesus saves, &c.

4 Sorrow and pain may beset me about, Nothing can darken my brow;

Battling in faith I can joyfully shout, "Jesus saves me now."

Jesus saves me now!

Jesus saves me now!

Jesus saves me all the time,

Jesus saves me now.



- 1 JESUS is our Shepherd,
 Wiping every tear;
 Folded in His bosom,
 What have we to fear?
 Only let us follow
 Whither He doth lead,
 To the thirsty desert,
 Or the dewy mead.
- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd,— For the sheep He blod; Every lamb is sprinkled With the blood He shed;

- Then on each He setteth

 His own secret sign:
 "They that have my Spirit—
 These," saith He, "are mine."
- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd,—
 Guarded by His arm,
 Though the wolves may raven,
 None can do us harm;
 When we tread death's valley,
 Dark with fearful gloom,
 We will fear no evil,
 Victors o'er the tomb.

W. H. DOANE.









- 1 JESUS, keep me near the cross; There a precious fountain, Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain. In the cross, in the cross, Be my glory ever, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.
- 2 Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; There the bright and morning star Shed its beams around me. In the cross, &c.
- 3 Near the cross, O Lamb of God!
 Bring its scenes before me;
 Let me walk from day to day
 With its shadow o'er me.
 In the cross, &c.
- 4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
 Hoping, trusting ever,
 Till I reach the golden strand,
 Just beyond the river.
 In the cross, in the cross,
 Be my glory ever,
 Till my raptured soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.



Knocking! Knocking!



- 1 KNOCKING! knocking! who is there? Waiting, waiting, O how fair! 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly, Never such was seen before; Ah, my soul, for such a wonder Wilt thou not undo the door?
- 2 Knocking! knocking! still He's there; Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair! But the door is hard to open,

For the weeds and ivy-vine. With their dark and clinging tendrils, Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking! knocking!—what! still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair! Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh, And beneath the crowned hair Beam the patient eyes, so tender, Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

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Lead me to Jesus.



- 1 Lead me to Jesus, lead me to Jesus, Help me to love Him, help me to pray; He is my Saviour. I would believe Him, I would be like Him, show me the way.
- 2 Lead me to Jesus, He will receive me, He is so loving, gentle, and mild; Calling the children, bidding them welcome, Surely He calls me,—I am a child.
- 3 Lord, I am coming! Jesus, my Saviour, Pity my weakness, make me Thy child; I would receive Thee, trust and believe Thee, I would be like Thee, gentle and mild.

T. CLARK.









1 Let the world their virtue boast, Their works of righteousness; I, a wretch, undone and lost, Am freely saved by grace; Other title I disclaim: This. only this, is all my plea,

This, only this, is all my ple
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound Like Jordan's swelling stream, Who their heaven in Christ have found, And give the praise to Him; Meanest follower of the Lamb, His steps I at a distance see;

I the chief of sinners am, But Jesus died for me.

3 Surely He will lift me up, For I of Him have need, I cannot give up my hope, Though I am cold and dead;

To bring fire on earth He came, O that it now might kindled be!

I the chief of sinners am, But Jesus died for me.



- 1 Lord. I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering, full and free— Showers the thirsty land refreshing; Let some drops now fall on me, Even me.
- 2 Pass me not, O God, our Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be!
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me,
 Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour, Let me live and cling to Thee! I am longing for Thy favour; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me! Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou caust make the blind to see:
 Witnesser of Jesu's merit!
 Speak some word of power to me,
 Even me.
- 5 Love of God so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ so rich, so free, Grace of God so strong and boundless, Magnify it all in me,

Even me.

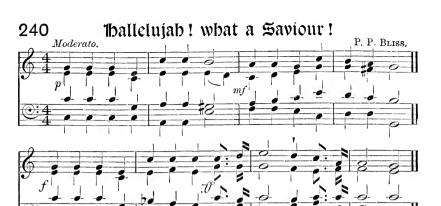
Whiter than Snow.



- 1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole, I want Thee for ever to live in my soul; Break down every idol, cast out every foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacrifice; I give up myself, and whatever I know: Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, &c.
- 3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat; I wait, blessèd Lord, at Thy crucified feet; By faith for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, &c.
- 4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait; Come now, and within me a new heart create: To those who have sought Thee Thou never saidst No: Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow. &c.



- 1 More holiness give me, more sweetness within; More patience in suffering, more sorrow for sin; More faith in my Saviour, more sense of His care; More joy in His service, more purpose in prayer. Come. my Saviour, and help me; Comfort, strengthen, and keep me; Thou each moment wilt save me, Thou art saving me now.
- 2 More gratitude give me, more trust in the Lord; More zeal for His glory, more hope in His word; More tears for His sorrows, more pain at His grief; More meekness in trial, more praise for relief. Come, my Saviour, &c.
- 3 More fortitude give me, more strength to o'ercome; More freedom from earth-stains, more longings for home; More fit for the kingdom, more useful I'd be; More blessèd and holy; more, Saviour, like Thee. Come, my Saviour, &c.



- 1 "Man of Sorrows!" What a name For the Son of God, who came Ruined sinners to reclaim! Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- Bearing shame and scoffing rude. In my place condemned He stood; Sealed my pardon with His blood: Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- Guilty, vile, and helpless, we: Spotless Lamb of God was He:

- "Full atonement!"-can it be? Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 4 " Lifted up" was He to die:
 "It is finished," was His cry; Now in heaven exalted high: Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- When He comes, our glorious King, All His ransomed home to bring, Then anew this song we'll sing: "Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"



1 My heart and voice I raise, To spread Messiah's praise: Messiah's praise let all repeat; The universal Lord,

By whose almighty word Creation rose in form complete.

2 A servant's form He wore, And in His body bore

Our dreadful curse on Calvary: He like a victim stood, And poured His sacred blood, To set the guilty captives free.

3 But soon the Victor rose Triumphant o'er His foes

And led the vanquished host in chains:

He threw their empire down, His foes compelled to own O'er all the great Messiah reigns.

4 With mercy's mildest grace, He governs all our race In wisdom, righteousness, and love: Who to Messiah fly

Shall find redemption nigh,

And all His great salvation prove.

5 Hail, Saviour, Prince of Peace! Thy kingdom shall increase, Till all the world Thy glory see; And righteousness abound As the great deep profound, And fill the earth with purity!



1 My heart is fixed, eternal God,
 Fixed on Thee;
 And my immortal choice is made,
 Christ for me.
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Who did for me salvation bring;
 And while I've breath I mean to sing,
 Christ for me.

Your gold will waste and wear away Your honours perish in a day: My portion never can decay,

Christ for me.

3 In pining sickness, or in health,

Christ for me;
In deepest poverty, or wealth,

Christ for me;
And in that all-important day,
When I the summons must obey,
And pass from this dark world away,

Christ for me.

4 Now who can sing my song and say,
Christ for me?

My life and truth, my light and way,
Christ for me!
Then here's my heart and here's my hand,
We'll form a happy singing band,
And shout aloud throughout the land,
Christ for me!



Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
O come and praise the Lord with me!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,

I love the sound of Jesu's name, It sets my spirit on a flame, Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

- 2 He bore my sins and curse and shame, Glory to the bleeding Lamb; And I am saved through Jesu's name, Glory to the bleeding Lamb. The Lamb, &c.
- 3 I know my sins are all forgiven, Glory to the bleeding Lamb; And I am on my way to heaven, Glory to the bleeding Lamb. The Lamb, &c.
- 4 And when the storms of life are o'er, Glory to the bleeding Lamb, I'll sing upon a happier shore, Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
 The Lamb, &c.
- 5 And this my ceaseless song shall be, Glory to the bleeding Lamb, That Jesus tasted death for me, Glory to the bleeding Lamb. The Lamb, &c.



1 O no not let the word depart, Nor close thine eyes against the light! Poor sinner, harden not thy heart; Thou wouldst be saved,—Why not to-night?

- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise To bless thy long-deluded sight: This is the time! O then be wise!— Thou wouldst be saved,—Why not to-night?
- 3 nne forld has nothing left to give—
 It has no new, no pure delight;
 O try the life which Christians live!—
 Thou wouldst be saved,—Why not to-night?
- 4 Our blessèd Lord refuses none
 Who would to Him their souls unite;
 Then be the work of grace begun!—
 Thou wouldst be saved,—Why not to-night?



1 O God of all grace, Thy goodness we praise;

Thy Son Thou hast given to die in our place.

He came from above
Our curse to remove,

He hath loved, He hath loved us, because
He would love.

2 Love moved Him to die,
And on this we rely, [tell why.
He hath loved, He hath loved us, we cannot
But this we can tell,

He hath loved us so well, [hell. As to lay down His life to redeem us from

3 He hath ransomed our race, O how shall we praise

Or worthily sing Thy unspeakable grace?

Nothing else will we know
In our journey below,

But, singing Thy grace, to Thy paradise go.

4 Nay, and when we remove To the mansions above,

Our heaven shall be still to sing of Thy love.
When time is no more,

We still shall adore

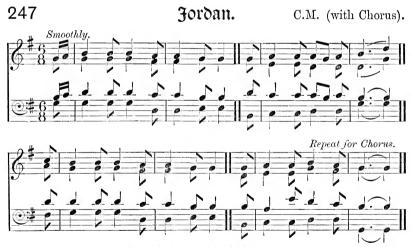
That ocean of love without bottom or shore.



Repeat for Refrain.

- 1 O REMEMBER Calvary,
 And take my sins away;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.
- 2 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me. I the chief, &c.
- 3 Turn and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone. I the chief, &c.
- 4 Me with all my sins I cast On my atoning God. I the chief, &c.
- 5 Tell me now in love divine That Thou hast pardoned me. I the chief, &c.
- 6 Yes, I can, I do believe Thou Thou dost pardon me. I the chief, &c.

7 Thou art ours, and we are Thine, Through all eternity. I the chief, &c.



 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wistful eye

To Canaan's fair and happy land,

Where my possessions lie.

We're going home, we're going home,
We soon shall reach the shore;
We're going home to dwell with God.
And praise Him evermore.

- 2 All o'er those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
 We're going home, &c.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place, And be for ever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in His bosom rest?
 We're going home, &c.

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D bow The loves!





- 1 One there is above all others,
 O how He loves!
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 O how He loves!
 Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
 One day kind, the next deceive us,
 But this Friend will never leave us,
 O how He loves!
- 2 Blessèd Jesus! wouldst Thou know him?
 O how He loves!
 Give thyself e'en this day to Him,
 O how He loves!
 Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
 Safe to glory He will guide thee,
 O how He loves!
- 3 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
 O how He loves!
 Think, O think, how much we owe Him,
 O how He loves!
 With His precious blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 To His fold He safely brought us,
 O how He loves!
- 4 Let us, then, this love keep viewing,
 O how He loves!
 And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
 O how He loves!
 He will strengthen each endeavour,
 And when passed o'er Jordan's river
 This shall be our theme for ενετ,
 O how He loves!





1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.
Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by!

2 Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet relief; Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief. Saviour, &c. 3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace,
Saviour, &c.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee? [cry!
Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by!

250 Precious, precious Blood of Jesus. 8.5.8.3.



- 1 Precious, precious blood of Jesus, Shed on Calvary; Shed for rebels, shed for sinners, Shed for Thee. Precious, precious blood of Jesus, Ever flowing free; O believe it! O receive it! 'Tis for thee.
- 2 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
 Let it make thee whole:
 Let it flow in mighty cleansing
 O'er thy soul.
 Precious, &c.
- 3 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
 Deep in scarlet glow;
 Jesu's precious blood shall wash thee
 White as snow.
 Precious, &c.
- 4 Precious blood! by this we conquer
 In the fiercest fight;
 Sin and Satan overcoming
 By its might.
 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
 Ever flowing free;
 O believe it! O receive it!
 'Tis for thee.



1 SHE only touched the hem of His garment, As to His side she stole, Amid the crowd that gathered around Him,

And straightway was made whole.

O touch the hem of His garment,
And thou too shalt be free!
His saving power this very hour

His saving power this very hour Shall give new life to thee. 2 She came in fear and trembling before Him,

She knew her Lord had come;
She knew her Lord had come;
She felt that from Him virtue had healed her,
The mighty deed was done.
O touch the hem, &c.

3 He turned with, "Daughter, be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole!" And peace that passeth all understanding With gladness filled her soul. O touch the hem, &c.



1.

Sinful, sighing to be blest,
Bound and longing to be free,
Weary, waiting for my rest;
God be merciful to me!

2

Holiness I've none to plead, Sinfulness in all I see, I can only bring my need: God be merciful to me!

3.

Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me!

4.

There is One beside the throne, And my only hope and plea Are in Him, and Him alone: God be merciful to me!

5.

He my cause will undertake, My Interpreter will be; He's my all, and for His sako God be merciful to me!



- 1 Sinner, whosoe'er thou art,
 At the cross there's room;
 Tell the burden of thy heart,
 At the cross there's room;
 Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,
 Cast away thine every fear,
 Only speak, and He will hear;
 At the cross there's room.
- z Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not;
 At the cross there's room;
 Seek that consecrated spot;
 At the cross there's room;
 Heavy laden, sore oppressed,
 Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
 In the Saviour find thy rest;
 At the cross there's room.
- 3 Thoughtless sinner, come to-day;
 At the cross there's room;
 Hark! the Bride and Spirit say,
 At the cross there's room.
 Now a living fountain see,
 Opened there for you and me,
 Rich and poor, for bond and free;
 At the cross there's room.
- 4 Blessèd thought! for every one,
 At the cross there's room;
 Love's atoning work is done;
 At the cross there's room.
 Streams of boundless mercy flow,
 Free to all who thither go;
 O that all the world might know,
 At the cross there's room!





- 1 Sound the battle-cry! see, the foe is nigh, Raise the standard high for the Lord! Gird your armour on, stand firm every one; Rest your cause upon His holy word. Rouse, then, soldiers! rally round the banner, Ready, steady, pass the word along; Onward, forward, shout aloud hosanna! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.
- 2 Strong to meet the foe, marching on we go, While our cause we know must prevail! Shield the banner bright, gleaming in the light, Battling for the right we ne'er can fail. Rouse then, &c.
- 3 O Thou God of all, hear us when we call, Help us one and all by Thy grace! When the battle's done, and the victory's won, May we wear the crown before Thy face! Rouse then, &c.



- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
 Child of sorrow and of woe;
 It will joy and comfort give you—
 Take it, then, where'er you go.
 Precious name! O how sweet!
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven!
 Precious name! O how sweet!
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven!
- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
 As a shield from every snare;
 If temptations round you gather,
 Breathe that holy name in prayer.
 Precious name, &c.
- 3 O the precious name of Jesus!

 How it thrills our souls with joy,
 When His loving arms receive us,
 And His songs our tongues employ.

 Precious name, &c.
- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
 Falling prostrate at His feet,
 King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
 When our journey is complete.
 Precious name! O how sweet!
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven!
 Precious name! O how sweet!
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven!

Tell me the old, old story!



- 1 Tell me the old, old story of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love. Tell me the story simply, as to a little child, For I am weak and weary, and helpless and defiled. Tell me the old, old story! tell me the old, old story! Tell me the old, old story!
- 2 Tell me the story slowly, that I may take it in—
 That wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin.
 Tell me the story often, for I forget so soon;
 The "early dew" of morning has passed away at noon.
 Tell me, &c.
- 3 Tell me the story softly, with earnest tones and grave; Remember! I'm the sinner whom Jesus came to save. Tell me that story always, if you would really be. In any time of trouble, a comforter to me.

 Tell me, &c.
- 4 Tell me the same old story, when yon have cause to fear That this world's empty glory is costing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glory shall dawn upon my soul, Tell me the old, old story: "Christ Jesus makes thee whole." Tell me, &c.





1 TENDERLY the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold,

Goes to bring His lost one Back to the fold.

Seeking to save, seeking to save; Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save! Seeking to save, seeking to save; Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save!

2 Patiently the owner

Seeks, with earnest care,

In the dust and darkness, Her treasure rare.

Seeking to save, &c.

3 Lovingly the Father

Sends the news around:

"He once dead now liveth-Once lost is found." Seeking to save, &c.



Happy day!
2 I leave it all with Jesus,
Day by day;
Faith can only trust Him,
Come what may.
Hope has dropp'd her anchor,
Found her rest,

"'Tis for thee,"

Roll'd away:

From my heart the burden

3 O leave it all with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not half thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;

Yet His tender bosom

Makes thee room—
O, come home!



- 1 I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend!
 He loved me ere I knew Him;
 He drew me with the cords of love,
 And thus He bound me to Him.
 And round my heart still closely twine
 Those ties which nought can sever;
 For I am His, and He is mine,
 For ever and for ever.
- 2 I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend!
 He bled, He died to save me;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His Own Self He gave me.
 Nought that I have mine own I'll call;
 I'll hold it for the Giver:
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His for ever.
- 4 I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend!
 So kind, and true, and tender;
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender!
 From Him who loves me now so well,
 What power my soul shall sever?
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
 No:—I am His for ever!

3 I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend!

To guard me on my onward course,

And bring me safe to heaven.

To nerve my faint endeavour: So now to watch, to work, to war,

All power to Him is given,

Th' eternal glories gleam afar,

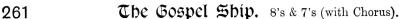
And then to rest for ever!

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The blast of the Trumpet.



- 1 The blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill, Will shortly re-echo o'er ocean and hill. When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds, Come, come away.
 O may we be ready to hail that glad day!
- 2 The earth and the waters shall yield up their dead, And the righteous with joy will wake from their bed. When the mighty, &c.
- 3 The chorus of angels will burst from the skies, And blend with the shouts of the saints as they rise. When the mighty, &c.
- 4 The cry of the lost ones, their groans of despair, And loud hallelujahs will meet in the air. When the mighty, &c.
- 5 The throne of Messiah in clouds will descend, And voices like thunder the heavens will rend. When the mighty, &c.
- 6 The cry of the Bridegroom shall echo around, And the bride in her beauty go forth at the sound. When the mighty, &c.
- 7 Acknowledged by Jesus, confessed as His own, Transported to glory, we'll sit on His throne. When the mighty, &c.
- 8 O land of the holy, the happy, and free, In Jesus thy portals are open to me! When the mighty, &c.





- 1 The gospel ship along is sailing,
 Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
 All who wish to sail to glory,
 Come and welcome, rich and poor.
 "Glory, glory, hallelujah!"
 All her sailors loudly cry:
 "See the blissful port of glory,
 Open to each faithful eye."
- 2 Thousands she has safely landed
 Far beyond this mortal shore;
 Thousands still are sailing in her,
 Yet there's room for thousands more.
 Glory, glory, &c.
- 3 Waft along this noble vessel, All ye gales of gospel grace; Carrying every faithful sailor To his heavenly landing-place. Glory, glory, &c.
- 4 Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,
 Sail with us through life's rough sea;
 Then with us you shall be happy,
 Happy through eternity.
 "Glory, glory, hallelujah!"
 All her sailors loudly cry;
 "See the blissful port of glory,

Open to each faithful eye.'

262 The Great Physician. J. H. STOCKTON.



1 THE Great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer:
O hear the voice of Jesus!
Sweetest note in seraph song.

Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue, Sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus! blessèd Jesus! 2 Your many sins may be forgiven; O hear the voice of Jesus! Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown for Jesus.

Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue, Sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus! blessèd Jesus!

- 3 His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Jesus! O how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus! Sweetest note. &c.
- 4 Come, brethren, let us sing His praise,
 O praise the name of Jesus!
 Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
 O bless the name of Jesus!
 Sweetest note, &c.
- 5 The children too, both great and small,
 Who love the name of Jesus,
 May now accept the gracious call
 To work and live for Jesus.
 Sweetest note, &c.
- 6 And when to that bright world above
 We rise to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love
 His name, the name of Jesus.
 Sweetest note, &c.



- 1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages, praise;
 Who reigns enthroned on high,
 Ancient of endless days;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and withered trees,
 We cumbered long the ground;
 No fruits of holiness
 On our dead souls were found:
 Yet doth He us in mercy spare
 Another and another year.
- 3-When justice bared the sword To cut the fig-tree down The pity of our Lord

Cried, "Let it still alone!" Our gracious God inclines His ear, And spares us yet another year!

- 4 Jesus, Thy speaking blood
 From God obtained the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestowed
 On us a longer space:
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And, lo! we see another year!
- 5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up the fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To Thy great praise abound:
 O let us all Thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear!



- 1. The voice of free grace cries, escape to the mountain!
 For Adam's lost race Christ has opened a fountain,
 For sin and uncleanness and every transgression,
 His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon:
 We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.
- 2 This fountain's so wide we may all find salvation, In Jesus's side there is plenteous redemption; Though your sins be increased as high as a mountain, His blood can remove them, it streams from the fountain. Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 On Zion we shall stand when escaped to the shore, With palms in our hands we will praise Him the more: We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river, And sing of salvation for ever and ever.

Hallelujah, &c.

O so bright!







1 THERE is a better world, they say,
O so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,

O so bright!

And music fills the balmy air,

And angels with bright wings are there,

And harps of gold, and mansions fair,

O so bright!

2 No clouds e'er pass along that sky, Happy land!

No tear-drops glisten in the eye, Happy land!

They drink the gushing streams of grace, And gaze upon the Saviour's face, Whose brightness fills the holy place, Happy land!

3 And wicked things, and beasts of prey, Come not there!

And ruthless death, and fierce decay, Come not there! There all are holy, all are good;
But hearts unwashed in Jesu's blood,
And guilty sinners unrenewed,
Come not there!

4 But though we're sinners every one, Jesus died!

And though our crown of peace is gone

Jesus died!

We may be cleansed from every stain; We may be crowned with bliss again, And in that land of pleasure reign, Jesus died!

5 Then, parents, sisters, brothers, come, Come away!

We long to reach our Father's home, Come away!

O listen to that music sweet,

It comes so rich from yonder seat, Where all the good in glory meet,

Come away !





1 THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One, There is life at this moment for thee; Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved, Unto Him who was nailed to the tree. Look! look! look and live! There is life for a look at the Crucified One, There is life at this moment for thee.

2 O why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
O why from his side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?
Look, &c.

3 It is not thy tears of repentance nor prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
Look, &c.

4 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once The life everlasting He gives; And know with assurance thou never canst die, Since Jesus thy Righteousness lives. Look, &c.







1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay

In the shelter of the fold; But one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of gold, Away on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,

Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of

And although the road be rough and steen.

I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed;

Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through

Ere He found His sheep that was lost. Out in the desert He heard its cry, Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way.

That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone

They were shed for one who had gone astray [back.

Ere the Shepherd could bring him "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" [thorn."

"They are pierced to night by many a

5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rocky steep, There arose a cry to the gate of heaven, "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"

And the angels echoed around the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own

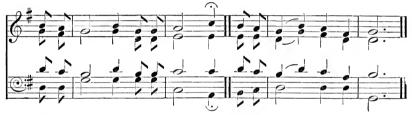


- 1 There's a Friend for little children Above the bright blue sky,
 - A Friend who never changeth, Whose love can never die.
 - Whose love can hever die.
 Unlike our friends by nature,
 Who change with changing years,
 This Friend is always worthy
 The precious name He bears.
- 2 There's a home for little children Above the bright blue sky, Where Jesus reigns in glory, A home of peace and joy.

- No home on earth is like it,
 Nor can with it compare,
 For every one is happy,
 Nor can be happier, there.
- 3 There's a crown for little children Above the bright blue sky,
 - A harp of sweetest music, A palm of victory.
 - All, all above is treasured, And found in Christ alone;
 - O come, dear little children, That all may be your own!







1 Though often here we're weary, There is sweet rest above. A rest that is eternal. Where all is peace and love. O let us, then, press forward, That glorious rest to gain ! We'll soon be free from sorrow, From toil, and care, and pain. There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest.

2 Loved ones have gone before us, They beckon us away; O'er heavenly plains they're soaring, Blest in eternal day.

There is sweet rest in heaven.

But we are in the army, And dare not leave our post; We'll fight until we conquer The foe's most mighty host. There is sweet rest. &c.

3 All glory to the Father, Who gives us every good; And glory be to Jesus, Who bought us with His blood; And glory to the Spirit, Who keeps us to the end; Unto our God be glory, The sinner's only Friend.

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest.

There is sweet rest in heaven.



- 1 Thy life was given for me,
 Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
 That I might ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead:
 Thy life was given for me;
 What have I given for Thee?
- 2 Long years were spent for me
 In weariness and woe,
 That through eternity
 Thy glory I might know:
 Long years were spent for me;
 Have I spent one for Thee?
- 3 Thy Father's home of light,
 Thy rainbow-circled throne,
 Were left for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone:
 Yea, all was left for me;
 Have I left aught for Thee?
- 4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
 More than my tongue can tell
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue me from hell:
 Thou sufferedst all for me;
 What have I borne for Thee?
- 5 O let my life be given, My years for Thee be spent; World-fetters all be riven, And joy with suffering blent! Thou gav'st Thyself for me, I give myself to Thee.

From Weber.





- 1 Time is earnest, passing by;
 Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
 Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
 Time and death appeal to Thee
- 2 Life is earnest: when 'tis o'er, Thou returnest—never more; Soon to meet eternity, Wilt thou never serious be?
- 3 God is earnest: kneel and pray
 Ere thy season pass away;
 Ere He set His judgment throne—
 Vengeance ready, mercy gone.
- 4 O be earnest! death is near;
 Thou wilt perish, lingering here:
 Sleep no longer, rise and flee;
 Lo, thy Saviour waits for thee!





- TIs the promise of God free salvation to give Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will believe. Hallelujah! 'tis done! I believe on the Son; I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One.
- 2 Though the pathway be lonely and dangerous too, Surely Jesus is able to carry me through. Hallelujah! &c.
- 3 Many loved ones have I in you heavenly throng; They are safe now in glory, and this is their song: Hallelujah! &c.
- 4 Little children I see standing close by their King, And He smiles, as their song of salvation they sing: Hallelujah! &c.
- 5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold, And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold: Hallelujah! &c.
- 6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me, And the theme of our praise for ever will be: Hallelujah, &c.



Yain, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature-good!
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with His blood.
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride:

I trample on thy wealth and pride: Only Jesus will I know, And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
"Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore:
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more.
Rivers of salvation flow
From out His head, His hands, His side:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of His breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go?
Itis wounds for me stand open wide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.



- 1 We sing of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair; And oft are its glories confessed, But what must it be to be there! But what, &c.
- 2 We sing of its pathways of gold, Its walls decked with jewels so rare, Its wonders and pleasures untold; But what must it be to be there! But what. &c.
- 3 We sing of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,
 From trials, without and within;
 But what must it be to be there!
 But what, &c.
- 4 We sing of its service of love, Of robes which the glorified wear, The church of the firstborn above; But what must it be to be there! But what, &c.
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe, For heaven our spirits prepare; Then soon shall we joyfully know And feel what it is to be there! But what, &c.

275 Unceping will not save me.



1 WEEPING will not save me; Though my face were bathed in tears, That could not allay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years; Weeping will not save me. Jesus wept and died for me, Jesus suffered on the tree, Jesus waits to make me free, He alone can save me.

2 Working will not save me: Purest deeds that I can do, Holiest thoughts and feelings too, Cannot form my soul anew; Working will not save me. Jesus wept, &c.

3 Waiting will not save me: Helpless, guilty, lost I lie, In my ear is mercy's cry, If I wait I can but die; Waiting will not save me. Jesus wept, &c.



- 1 We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love; Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly, O say, will you go to the Eden above? Will you go? Will you go? O say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 2 In that blessèd land, neither sighing nor anguish Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove; Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish, O say, will you go to the Eden above? Will you go, &c.
- 3 No poverty there! no, the saints are all wealthy,
 The heirs of His glory, whose nature is love;
 No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy:
 O say, will you go to the Eden above?
 Will you go, &c.
- 4 March on, happy pilgrims; the land is before you,
 And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
 Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
 And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
 We will go, we will go;

O yes, we will go to the Eden above!



1 We're marching to Canaan with banner and song, We re soldiers enlisted to fight against wrong: But lest in the conflict our strength should divide, We ask, Who among us is on the Lord's side? O who is there among us, The true and the tried,

The true and the tried,
Who'll stand by his colours?
Who's on the Lord's side?

- 2 The shield may be burnished, the armour be bright, Even Satan appears as an angel of light; Yet darkly the bosom may treachery hide, While lips are professing, "I'm on the Lord's side." O who is there, &c.
- 3 Who is there among us yet under the rod, Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God? O bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride! O haste while He's waiting, and seek the Lord's side! O who is there, &c.
- 4 O heed not the sorrow, the pain, or the wrong, For soon shall our sighing be changed into song; So, bearing the Cross of our covenant Guide, We'll shout as we triumph, "I'm on the Lord's side!" O who is there, &c.







1 We're travelling home to heaven above, Will you go?

To sing the Saviour's dying love, Will you go?

Millions have reached that blissful shore, Their trials and their labours o'er, And yet there's room for millions more:

Will you go?

2 We're going to walk the plains of light, Will you go?

Far, far from death, and curse, and night, Will you go?

The crown of life we then shall wear, The conqueror's palm we then shall bear, And all the joys of heaven share:

Will you go?

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain, Will you go?

Repent, believe, be born again, Will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee, "Take up thy cross and follow Me, And thou shalt My salvation see:" Will you go?

4 O could I hear some sinner say, " I will go,

I'll start this moment, clear the way, Let me go.

My old companions, fare you well,

I will not go with you to hell;

I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell;

Let me go!"



1 What a friend we have in Jesus. All our sins and griefs to bear! What a privilege to carry Everything to God in prayer! O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear, All because we do not carry Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weakness-Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3 Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our refuge! Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee! Take it to the Lord in prayer! In His arms He'll take and shield Thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

Mothing but the Blood of Jesus.



1 Whar can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus. What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus. The precious blood doth flow, It washes white as snow; No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

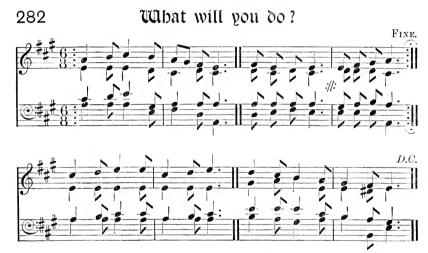
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- 2 For my cleansing this I see, Nothing but the blood of Jesus. For my pardon this my plea, Nothing but the blood of Jesus. The precious, &c.
- 3 Nothing can for sin atone, Nothing but the blood of Jesus. Nought of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Jesus. The precious, &c.
- 4 This is all my hope and peace,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
 This is all my righteousness,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
 The precious blood doth flow,
 It washes white as snow;
 No other fount I know.
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

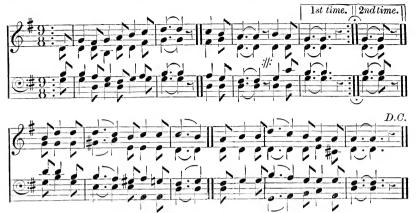




- 1 When He cometh, when He cometh,
 To make up His jewels;
 All His jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and His own;
 Like the stars of the morning,
 His bright crown adorning,
 They shall shine in their beauty,
 Bright gems for His crown.
- 2 He will gather, He will gather, The gens for His kingdom; All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.—Like, &c.
- 3 Little children, little children, Who love their Redeemer, Are the jewels, precious jewels, His loved and His own.—Like, &c.



- 1 When you come to Jordan's flood,
 What will you do?
 You who now contemn your God,
 What will you do?
 Death will be a solemn day!
 When the soul is forced away,
 It will be too late to pray:
 What will you do?
- 2 You who have no more than form,
 What will you do?
 Can you brave the awful storm?
 What will you do?
 When the waves of death assail,
 Every reed and prop will fail,
 Forms will be of no avail:
 What will you do?
- 3 You who have been turned aside, What will you do? Whither will you flee to hide? What will you do? Conscience will in terror rise, And the worm that never dies, When you sink no more to rise: What will you do?
- 4 Christian, now I'll turn to Thee,
 What wilt thou do?
 When thou dost the river see,
 What wilt thou do?
 To the cross I then will cling,
 Shout, "O death, where is thy sting?
 Victory! victory!" I will sing—
 That's what I'll do!



- 1 Whene'er we meet, you always say, "What's the news?
 - Pray what's the order of the day?
 What's the news?"
 - O! I have got good news to tell, My Saviour has done all things well, And triumphed over death and hell, That's the news.
- 2 The Lord has pardoned all my sin, That's the news;
 - I feel the witness now within,
 That's the news;

And since He took my guilt away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day,
That's the news.

- 3 And Jesus Christ can save you too, That's the news;
 - Your sinful heart He can renew, That's the news;

This moment, if for sin you grieve, This moment, if you do believe,

- A full acquittal you'll receive, That's the news.
- 4 And then if any one should say, "What's the news?"
 - O tell them you've begun to pray, That's the news;

That you have joined the conquering band, And now at God's divine command You're marching to the better land, That's the news.

284 Vabither, Pilgrims?

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- 1 WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going, Going each with staff in hand? We are going on a journey, Going at our King's command. Over hills and plains and valleys, We are going to His palace; Going to the "better land."
- 2 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for In that far-off better land? Spotless robes, and crowns of glory, From a Saviour's loving hand.

We shall drink of life's clear river, We shall dwell with God for ever, In that bright and better land.

3 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band!
Come, O come, and do not leave us;
Christ is waiting to receive us
In that bright and better land.



- 1 Woe to the men on earth who dwell, Nor dread th'Almighty's frown, When God doth all His wrath reveal, And shower His judgments down!
- 2 Who then shall live, and face the throne, And face the Judge severe? When heaven and earth are fled and gone O where shall I appear?
- 2 Now, only now, against that hour We may a place provide; Beyond the grave, beyond the power Of hell, our spirits hide:
- 4 Firm in the all-destroying shock, May view the final scene; For, lo! the everlasting Rock Is cleft to take us in.



Angels bovering round.



- 1 There are angels hovering round, There are angels hovering round, There are angels, angels hovering round.
- 2 To carry the tidings home, &c.
- 3 To the new Jerusalem, &c.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home, &c.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come, &c.
- 6 And children too may come, &c.
- 7 All heaven is full of joy, &c.
- 8 For Jesus loves to save, &c.
- 9 Come, children, trust Him now, &c.





- 1 HEAVENLY Father, bless me now! At the cross of Christ I bow; Take my guilt and grief away, Hear and heal me now, I pray. Bless me now! bless me now! Heavenly Father, bless me now!
- 2 Now, O Lord, this very hour, Send Thy grace and show Thy power; While I rest upon Thy word, Come, and bless me, now, O Lord! Bless me now, &c.
- 3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake, Lift the clouds, the fetters break; While I look, and as I cry, Touch and cleanse me ere I die. Bless me now, &c.
- 4 Never did I so adore
 Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before;
 Now the time! and this the place
 Gracious Father, show Thy grace.
 Bless me now! bless me now!
 Heavenly Father, bless me now!



- 1 THE Spirit, O sinner, in mercy doth move, Thy heart so long hardened, of sin to reprove: Resist not the Spirit, nor longer delay; God's gracious entreaties may end with to-day.
- 2 O child of the kingdom, from sin's service cease; Be filled with the Spirit, with comfort and peace.
- O grieve not the Spirit—thy Teacher is He—That Jesus, thy Saviour, may glorified be.
- 3 Defiled is the temple, its beauty laid low, On God's holy altar the embers faint glow. By love yet rekindled, a flame may be fanned; O quench not the Spirit! The Lord is at hand!



- 1 O MY Saviour, hear me,
 Draw me close to Thee;
 Thou hast paid my ransom,
 Thou hast died for me:
 Now by simple faith I claim
 Pardon through Thy gracious name;
 Thou my Ark of safety,
 Let me fly to Thee.
- 2 O my Saviour, bless me, Bless me, while I pray; Grant Thy grace to help me, Take my fear away: I believe Thy promise, Lord, I will trust Thy holy Word; Thou my soul's Redeemer, Bless me while I pray.
- 3 O my Saviour, love me,
 Make me all Thine own;
 Leave me not to wander
 In this world alone:
 Bless my way with light divine,
 Let Thy glory round me shine:
 Thou my Rock, my Refuge,
 Make me all Thine own.
- 4 O my Saviour, guard me,
 Keep me, evermore;
 Bless me, love me, guide me,
 Till my work is o'er;
 May I then with glad surprise
 Chant Thy praise beyond the skies;
 There with Thee, my Saviour,
 Dwell for evermore.



1 WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my let Thou heat taught me to

Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to know,

It is well, it is well with my soul.

It is well with my soul It is well, it is well with my soul.

It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials

should come, Let this blest assurance control,

That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well, &c.

3 Mysin—Othe bliss of this glorious thought— My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross: and I bear it no more: Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul. It is well, &c.

4 For me, be it Christ, be it Christ, hence to

If Jordan above us shall roll,

No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul. It is well, &c.

5 But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,

The sky, not the grave, is our goal;

O trump of the angel! O voice of the Lord! Blessed hope! blessed rest of my soul! It is well, &c.



1 O WHAT shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm, When the winds are at war, Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll. What shall I do? what shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?

2 O what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of youth are all fled, And the friends I have loved From the earth are removed, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead?

What shall I do? what shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?

3 O what shall I do to be saved When sickness my strength shall subdue, Or the world in a day, Like a cloud, rolls away, And Eternity opens to view? What shall I do? what shall I do?

4 O Lord, look in mercy on me, Come, come, and speak peace to my soul! Unto whom shall I flee, Blessèd Lord, but to Thee? Thou canst make my poor broken heart

That will I do! that will I do!

O what shall I do to be saved?









- 1 Sing them over again to me,
 Wonderful words of Life!
 Let me more of their beauty see,
 Wonderful words of Life!
 Words of life and beauty,
 Teach me faith and duty!
 Beautiful words! wonderful words!
 Wonderful words of Life!
- 2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to me Wonderful words of Life! Sinner, list to the loving call,

Wonderful words of Life: All so freely given, Wooing us to heaven! Beautiful, &c.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of Life!
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of Life!
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify for ever!
Beautiful, &c.



1 I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its riches freely mine; Here shines undimmed one blissful day, For all my night has passed away! O Beulah Land! sweet Beulah Land! As on thy highest mount I stand, I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me!
And view the shining glory shore:
My heaven, my home for evermore!

- 2 My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we; He gently leads me by His hand, For this is heaven's border-land. O Beulah Land! &c.
 - 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
 Is borne from ever-vernal trees;
 And flowers that, never fading, grow
 Where streams of life for ever flow.
 O Beulah Land! &c.
- 4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
 Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
 As angels with the white-robed throng
 Join in the sweet redemption song.
 O Beulah Land! sweet Beulah Land!
 As on thy highest mount I stand,
 I look away across the sea,
 Where mansions are prepared for me!
 And view the shining glory shore:
 My heaven, my home for evermore!

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Come, Sinner, Come!



- 1 WHILE Jesus whispers to you,
 Come, sinner, come!
 While we are praying for you,
 Come, sinner, come!
 Now is the time to own Him,
 Come, sinner, come!
 Now is the time to know Him,
 Come, sinner, come!
- 2 Are you too heavy laden?

 Come, sinner, come!

 Jesus will bear your burden,

 Come, sinner, come!

- Jesus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Jesus will now receive you, Come, sinner, come!
- 3 O hear His tender pleading;
 Come, sinner, come!
 Come, and receive the blessing!
 Come, sinner, come!
 While Jesus whispers to you,
 Come, sinner, come!
 While we are praying for you,
 Come, sinner, come!

295 Behold Me standing at the Door!



- 1 Behold me standing at the door,
 And hear me pleading evermore,
 With gentle voice: O heart of sin,
 May I come in? may I come in?
 Behold me standing at the door,
 And hear me pleading evermore:
 Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
 May I come in? may I come in?
- 2 I bore the cruel thorns for thee, I waited long and patiently: Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in? Behold, &c.
- 3 I would not plead with thee in vain: Remember all my grief and pain! I died to ransom thee from sin: May I come in? may I come in? Behold, &c.
- 4 I bring thee joy from heaven above, I bring thee pardon, peace, and love: Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

 Behold me standing at the door,
 And hear me pleading evermore:
 Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
 May I come in? may I come in?









- 1 SINNER, how thy heart is troubled!
 God is coming very near;
 Do not hide thy deep emotion,
 Do not check that falling tear.
 O be saved, His grace is free!
 O be saved, He died for thee!
- 2 Jesus now is bending o'er thee, Jesus, lowly, meek, and mild; To the Friend who died to save thee, Wilt thou not be reconciled? O be saved, &c.
- 3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?
 Thou mayst never see its light;
 Come at once! accept His mercy!
 He is waiting—come to-night!
 O be saved, &c.
- 4 With a lowly, contrite spirit,
 Kneeling at the Saviour's feet,
 Thou canst feel this very moment
 Pardon, precious, pure, and sweet!
 O be saved, &c.
- 5 Let the angels bear the tidings Upward to the courts of heaven: Let them sing, with holy rapture, O'er another soul forgiven! O be saved, &c.





A grave in the angry deep?"

"The winds and the waves shall obey My will! Peace! be still!

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or whatever it be, No waters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies. They all shall sweetly obey My will:

Peace! be still! Peace! be still! They all shall sweetly obey My will: Peace! peace! be still!"

O hasten, and take control! "The winds," &c.

3 Master, the terror is over,

The elements sweetly rest;

Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored. And heaven's within my breast: Linger, O blessed Redeemer, Leave me alone no more; Tharbour. And with joy I shall make the blest, And rest on the blissful shore. "The winds," &c.

Trusting Zesus.

Music from "Sacred Songs and Solos," by permission.



1 SIMPLY trusting every day, Trusting through a stormy way; Even when my faith is small, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by; Trusting Him, whate'er befall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine Into this poor heart of mine: While He leads I cannot fall; Trusting Jesus, that is all. Trusting, &c.

- 3 Singing, if my way be clear;
 Praying, if the path be drear;
 If in danger, for Him call;
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
 Trusting, &c.
- 4 Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth be past, Till within the jasper wall; Trusting Jesus, that is all. Trusting as the moments fly,

Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by; Trusting Him, whate'er befall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Fully Trusting.

Music from "Sacred Songs and Solos," by permission.



1 ALL my doubts I give to Jesus!
I've His gracious promise heard—
I "shall never be confounded;"
I am trusting in that word.
I am trusting, fully trusting,
Sweetly trusting in His word:
I am trusting, fully trusting,
Sweetly trusting in His word.
Sweetly trusting in His word.

2 All my sins I lay on Jesus!
He doth wash me in His blood;
He will keep me pure and holy,
He will bring me home to God.
I am trusting, &c.

3 All my fears I give to Jesus! Rests my weary soul on Him; Though my way be hid in darkness Never can His light grow dim. I am trusting, &c.

4 All my joys I give to Jesus!

He is all I want of bliss;

He of all the worlds is master—

He has all I need in this.

I am trusting, &c.

5 All I am I give to Jesus!
All my body, all my soul,
All I have, and all I hope for,
While eternal ages roll.
I am trusting, fully trusting,
Sweetly trusting in His word:
I am trusting, fully trusting.
Sweetly trusting in His word.

Ibiding in Thee.



- 1 Oh, safe to the Rock that is higher than I, My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly: So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee! Hiding in Thee! hiding in Thee! Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee!
- 2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour, In times when temptation casts o'er me its power; In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee! Hiding in Thee, &c.
- 3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe, I have fled to my Refuge, and breathed out my woe! How often, when trials like sea-billows roll, Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul! Hiding in Thee, &c.

3 shall be satisfied.



Take me as 3 am.



- 1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry;
 Unless Thou help me, I must die:
 O, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
 And take me as I am!
 And take me as I am!
 And take me as I am!
 My only plea—Christ died for me!
 O, take me as I am!
- 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt;
 But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
 And take me as I am!
 Ard take me, &c.
- 3 No preparation can I make,
 My best resolves I only break,
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake.
 And take me as I am!
 And take me, &c.
- 4 Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet,
 Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
 Thy work begin, Thy work complete:
 But take me as I am!
 And take me as I am!
 And take me as I am!
 My only plea—Christ died for me!
 O, take me as I am!

De must be born again.



1 A RULER once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the way of salvation and light,

The Master made answer in words true and plain:

- "Ye must be born again!"
- "Ye must be born again!"
- "Ye must be born again!"
- "I verily, verily say unto thee-Ye must be born again!"
- 2 Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord; And let not this message to you be in vain:
 - "Ye must be born again!"
 - "Ye must be born," &c.

a - gain. 3 O ye who would enter this glorious rest, And sing with the ransomed the song of the blest;

The life everlasting if ye would obtain.

- "Ye must be born again!"
 - "Ye must be born," &c.
- 4 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns [for thee; to see.

At the beautiful gate may be watching Then list to the note of this solemn refrain:

- "Ye must be born again!"
 - "Ye must be born again!"
- "Ye must be born again!"
- "I verily, verily say unto thee-Ye must be born again!"

My Redeemer.



blood He pur-chased me!

With His blood He pur chased me! On the





1.

I WILL sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.
Sing, O sing, &c.

2.

I will tell the wondrous story,
How, my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy
He the ransom freely gave.
Sing, O sing, &c.

3.

I will praise my dear Redeemer, His triumphant power I'll tell; How the victory He giveth Over sin, and death, and hell. Sing, O sing, &c.

4.

I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life has brought me,
Son of God, with Him to be.
Sing, O sing, &c.

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Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept;
O'er vows and promises unkept;
And reaps from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

2.

Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain!
We sow our seeds: lo, tares and weeds,
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
Then reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3.

Nothing but leaves! sad memory weaves

No veil to hide the past;

And as we trace our weary way,

And count each lost and misspent day,

We sadly find at last—

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4.

Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful Judgment seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves?









- 2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die; Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fertile soil; Oh, what shall the harvest be? Sown in the darkness, &c.
- 3 Sowing the seed of lingering pain,
 Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
 Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
 Sowing the seed of eternal shame:
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Sown in the darkness, &c.
- 4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
 Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come
 Gladly to gather the harvest home:
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Sown in the darkness, &c.

At the feet of Jesus.











1.

At the feet of Jesus,

List'ning to His word:

Learning wisdom's lesson

From her loving Lord;

Mary, led by heav'nly grace,

Chose the meek disciple's place.

At the feet of Jesus is the place for me;

There a humble learner would I choose to pe.

2.

At the feet of Jesus,

Pouring perfume rare,

Mary did her Saviour

For the grave prepare;

And, from love the "good work" done,

She her Lord's approval won.

At the feet of Jesus is the place for me;

There, in sweetest service, would I ever be.

3.

At the feet of Jesus,

In the morning hour,

Loving hearts receiving

Resurrection power,

Haste with joy to preach the word:

"Christ is risen, praise the Lord!"

At the feet of Jesus, risen now for me,

I shall sing His praises through eternity



- 1 Why do you wait, dear brother?
 Oh, why do you tarry so long?
 Your Saviour is waiting to give you
 A place in His sanctified throng.
 Why not?—Why not?—
 Why not come to Him now?
- 2 What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further delay? There's no one to save you but Jesus; There's no other way but His way. Why not?—Why not?— Why not come to Him now?
- 3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
 His Spirit now striving within?
 O why not accept His salvation,
 And throw off thy burden of sin
 - And throw off thy burden of sin?
 Why not?—Why not?—
 Why not come to Him now?
- 4 Why do you wait, dear brother?
 The harvest is passing away;
 Your Saviour is longing to bless you;
 There's danger and death in delay.
 Why not?—Why not?—
 Why not come to Him now?







ritard. Adagio.

PRAY, brethren, pray!

3 Watch, brethren, watch!

The sands are falling;
The sands are falling;
Pray, brethren, pray!
God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,
We kneel upon the verge of time;
Eternity is drawing nigh!
Eternity is drawing nigh!

2 Praise, brethren, praise!
The skies are rending;
Praise, brethren, praise!
The fight is ending;
Behold, the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon appear.
Eternity is drawing nigh!
Eternity is drawing nigh!

3 Watch, brethren, watch!
The year is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch!
Old time is flying!
Watch as men watch the parting breath.
Watch as men watch for life or death.

Eternity is drawing nigh! Eternity is drawing nigh!

The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark!
The dead are waking:
With girded loins all ready stand;
Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand!
Eternity is drawing nigh!
Eternity is drawing nigh!
Is drawing nigh!

4 Look, brethren, look!





1 One there is who loves thee,
Waiting still for thee;
Canst thou yet reject Him?
None so kind as He!
Do not grieve Him longer,
Come, and trust Him now!
He has waited all the day:
Why waitest thou?
One there is who loves thee,
O receive Him now!
He has waited all the day:
Why waitest thou?

2 Tenderly He woos thee, Do not slight His call; Though thy sins are many, He'll forgive them all. Turn to Him, repenting,
He will cleanse thee now;
He is waiting at thy heart:
Why waitest thou?
One there is, &c.

3 Jesus still is waiting:
Sinner, why delay?
To His arms of mercy
Rise and haste away!
Only come believing,
He will save thee now;
He is waiting at the door:
Why waitest thou?
One there is who loves thee,
Oreceive Him now.

O receive Him now: He has waited all the day: Why waitest thou?

Make room for Jesus.



- 1 Make room for Jesus! room, sad heart! Beguiled and sick of sin; Bid every alien guest depart,
 - Arise, and let Him in.
 - Make room, sad heart! make room!
 - Bid alien guests depart!
 O let the Master in, sad heart!
 Arise, and let Him in!
- 2 Make room for Jesus! room, make room! His hand is at the door; He comes to banish guilt and gloom,

He comes to banish guilt and gloom And bless thee more and more. Make room, &c.

- 3 Make room for Jesus! soul of mine; He waits response to-day: His smile is peace, His grace divine; O turn Him not away!
- Make room, &c.

 4 Make room for Jesus! by-and-by,
 - 'Mid saints and seraphim,
 He'll welcome to His throne on high
 The soul that welcomed Him.
 - Make room, sad heart! make room!
 - Bid alien guests depart!
 - O let the Master in, sad heart! Arise, and let Him in!





1 THE gospel bells are ringing, Over land, from sea to sea; Blessèd news of free salvation Do they offer you and me.

"For God so loved the world,
That His only Son He gave!
Whosoe'er believeth in Him
Everlasting life shall have."
Gospel bells, &c.

2 The gospel bells invite us
To a feast prepared for all:
Do not slight the invitation,
Nor reject the gracious call.
"I am the Bread of Life:
Eat of Me, thou hungry soul:
Though your sins be red as crimson,
They shall be as white as wool."

Gospel bells, &c.

As they sound from day to day.
Of the fate which doth await them
Who for ever will delay.
Escape thou for thy life!
Tarry not in all the plain;
Nor behind thee look, O never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain."
Gospel bells, &c.

4 The gospel bells are joyful,
As they echo far and wide.
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
Through a Saviour crucified:

"Good tidings of great joy
To all people do I bring:
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ, the Lord and King."
Gospel bells, &c.



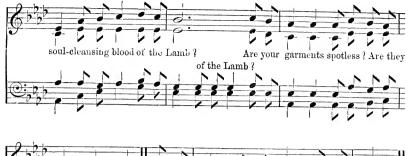
1 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done, And bared Thine arm in all our sight; Hast made the reprobates Thine own, And claimed the outcasts as Thy right.

2 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought,
Thy Word, Thy all creating Word.
That spake at first the world from nought.

And ceaseless praise to Thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice,
We raise the happiness of heaven.

4 For this, no longer sons of night,
To Thee our thankful hearts we give:
To Thee, who call'dst us into light,
To Thee we die, to Thee we live







- 1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?

 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

 Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?

 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

 Are you washed in the blood,

 In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?

 Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow?

 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
- 2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Are you washed, &c.
- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white?—Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
 Will your souls be ready for the mansions bright,
 And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Are you washed, &c.
- 4 Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
 And be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

 There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean—
 O, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

 Are you washed, &c.



JESUS, we Thy promise claim, We are gathered in Thy name: In the midst do Thou appear; Manifest Thy presence here.

2.

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless; Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace: Come and dwell within each heart, Light, and life, and joy impart.

3.

Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet—
Meet to appear before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.



- I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold;
- I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled:
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
- I did not love my Father's voice, I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Father sought His child; They followed me o'er vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild: They found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint, and lone;

They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.

- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul;
- Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole; 'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wandering sheep;
 - 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 4 I was a wandering sheep, I would not be controlled;
 - But now I love my Saviour's voice, I love, I love the fold.
 - I was a wayward child,
 - I once preferred to roam; But now I love my Father's voice,

I love, I love His home.





- 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace;
 - O refresh us, Travelling through this wilderness!
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration, For Thy gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of Thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound; May Thy presence With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
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